

Common Ground

Bridges of Understanding

Alice L. Sickels

JAPANESE AMERICAN RELOCATION:

FINAL CHAPTER Dillon S. Myer

PATRONS OF RELIGION Edwin McNeill Poteat

FOR MARRIAGE IS A FINE THING, ENTIRELY

Helen Papashvily

ON MY FATHER'S MOUNTAIN Milla Z. Logan

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CATHAY IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

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— *and others* —

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COMMON GROUND. Published quarterly: September, December, March, June, by Common Council for American Unity. \$2.00 a year; 50 cents a copy. Copyright 1945, by Common Council for American Unity, Incorporated. Printed at the Princeton University Press. Editorial and publication office, 222 Fourth Avenue, New York 3, New York. Manuscripts must be accompanied by stamped, self-addressed envelopes. Entered as second-class matter September 15, 1940, at the post office at New York, New York, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

COMMON GROUND is published by the COMMON COUNCIL FOR AMERICAN UNITY,  
222 Fourth Avenue, New York 3, New York

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The COMMON COUNCIL FOR AMERICAN UNITY has the following purposes:

To help create among the American people the unity and mutual understanding resulting from a common citizenship, a common belief in democracy and the ideals of liberty, the placing of the common good before the interests of any group, and the acceptance, in fact as well as in law, of all citizens, whatever their national or racial origins, as equal partners in American life.

To further an appreciation of what each group has contributed to America, to uphold the freedom to be different, and to encourage the growth of an American culture which will be truly representative of all the elements that make up the American people.

To overcome intolerance and discrimination because of national origin, race, or creed.

To help the foreign-born and their children solve their special problems of adjustment, know and value their particular cultural heritage, and share fully and constructively in American life.

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## BRIDGES OF UNDERSTANDING

ALICE L. SICKELS

THE RACE RIOTS in Detroit and New York City in the summer of 1943, coming as they did on the heels of the denial of civil rights to native Japanese Americans and at a time when a deadly virus of anti-Semitism, spreading from a sick Europe, was infecting large numbers of our citizens, jolted thousands of well-meaning but complacent Americans into awareness of the potential danger of racial tensions within America. Suddenly people saw how easily democracy may fail.

These cleavages of race and religion tend to make internationality differences seem relatively unimportant. Yet they all make one picture. Millions of Americans have grown up within our cultural communities with definite feelings of inferiority, which express themselves in aggressions toward those who are even less secure. The most rabid alien-baiters are often second-generation Americans. In certain northern cities to which war industries attracted large numbers of mountain whites and poor white sharecroppers as well as southern Negroes, the most explosive aspect of the interracial conflict is between these two. These white Americans unconsciously bolster up their own egos by aggression toward others to whom they feel they can assign, merely on the basis of skin color, an even lower status

than their own. For the same reason, anti-Semitism appears among Negroes and in certain nationality groups whose own status is politically or economically precarious. Insecurity finds a scapegoat. In the relocation camps, some Japanese Americans, their own security wiped out, began to manifest an anti-Semitism they had never felt before.

Liberty, justice, and amity can survive only among comparatively secure people. It is therefore extremely important to lift completely from the soul of every American any feeling of rejection because of his background; only then will all his creative energy, physical, mental, and spiritual, be released into constructive channels. This is by no means the whole answer to prejudice, but it is definitely one aspect of it.

America is a laboratory. When we have learned to live harmoniously and justly in our own country, we shall have also learned to live in the world. The ideals of freedom, opportunity, abundance, and peace that we hope to achieve for all the people in all the neighborhoods in the United States are also the quest of the common people in every country.

Our good-neighbor policy toward Latin America can succeed only if we are good neighbors to the Mexican Americans who live here. The treatment accorded our



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non-white Americans will affect our relations with all the countries where skins are not white—and these include four-fifths of the people in the world. We cannot hope to arrive at a satisfactory foreign policy until we have a formula for dealing with the nations and races within our own borders that squares with our professed ideals. "I can't hear what you say when what you are is talking so loud" is as true of nations as of individuals. The cosmopolitan cities in our United States offer an unprecedented opportunity for Americans to learn to live in an interracial and international world order.

"But," say our isolationists, "we don't want to be citizens of the world. We only want people to be good Americans. Let each nation and each of our states manage its own affairs, keeping everyone in his proper place." Apparently they do not yet know that the globe we live on has shrunk until no one is more than sixty hours from anywhere, and the sound of our voices can be heard around the earth. They have not learned that in this new world there are no divinely superior people or that no nation can keep the peace alone. Must all the products of men's toil, all the monuments to progress be destroyed, and many more millions of men, women, and children die before we get these international abc's through our American heads?

Yet we ask, "What can one person do?" Walt Whitman suggested the answer:

O I see flashing that this America is  
only you and me,  
Its power, weapons, testimony, are you  
and me,  
Its crimes, lies, thefts, defections, are  
you and me,  
Its Congress is you and me, the officers,  
capitols, armies, ships, are you and  
me,

*Its endless gestations of new States, are  
you and me,  
The war (that war so bloody and grim,  
the war I will henceforth forget),  
is you and me,  
Natural and artificial, are you and me,  
Freedom, language, poems, employ-  
ments, are you and me,  
Past, present, future, are you and me.*

## II

What can one person do? You can know the facts. Read. Have a quiet factual answer ready the next time prejudice or ignorance rears its head at the bridge table or the barber shop. (Your public library has or will procure many books about the peoples of the world, books of intercultural and international interest. COMMON GROUND will also direct you to material.) Know that all human beings both within our country and all over the world are only superficially different. Know that, despite appearances, our good and the good of other individuals, our country's good and their countries' good are not basically in conflict. Since there is, potentially, enough for everyone of everything that human beings need, practical formulas for national unity and world co-operation can be found as soon as enough people know that it is to their interest to find them.

Beyond knowing the facts, you can act fairly. If you are no longer young and malleable, discovery of factual truths may not eliminate your long-cherished prejudices. Yet, if you are an informed, disciplined, civilized American, you can act as if you did not have them. You can avoid adding to the immediate evil consequences of bigotry, prejudice, and greed, and you need not pass these learned traits on to your children.

Or if, along with many Americans, you do not like to read because it is a lone-

## BRIDGES OF UNDERSTANDING

some business and "heavy stuff" puts you to sleep in your chair after a fatiguing day, let someone else do the reading. Get some of your cronies into a small fireside group that meets regularly to hear a résumé of a pertinent article or book and discuss it. Your turn to read will come only once or twice in a season, or you may all chip in and pay someone to review the books and lead the discussion. Keep the group small and intimate, and take care that the discussion is honest. The mere airing of previously held convictions will get us nowhere.

The discussion of important issues by small groups such as this may be the means of revitalizing the democratic tradition as it existed in the early American town meeting and the more informal debates around the stove or cracker barrels in the village stores. The group of which you may become a vital part may already exist in your lodge, club, church, or neighborhood. To be most effective it should be expanded to include persons of various backgrounds. You might ask different people to come the first time to express the point of view of their group and then invite them to return as a part of your discussion circle.

### III

For we need to know people as well as to know about them. Acceptance is an emotional as well as an intellectual experience. With a little determined planning, almost any sincere interest can be used as a means of getting people of different creeds, nationalities, or races together. Groups may meet to sing or dance together, to listen to records from the public library, to read or produce plays, or to enjoy movies, travel films, or slides available from loan deposits. Food is the simplest and most delightful of all the common denominators. A snack over which everyone will relax after singing,

reading, dancing, or puttering in a craft shop will do as much to establish rapport and friendly acceptance as all the rest of the evening's activities put together. People who are not interested in one another on any other basis may be brought together to "eat internationally" and even to cook interculturally. It is fun.

How shall cultural strangers meet? Few of the persons who confess they are bored with always seeing the same crowd have the courage to make social contacts outside their own circle. Bringing people together is a real problem, for the contact must not be artificial or forced.

If culturally diverse people lived in every neighborhood in our cosmopolitan cities, then every Parent-Teacher Association, business and professional club, and church would be an intercultural unit. But the huddling of people of the same nationality in the same areas, the patterns of racial segregation even in different churches, have resulted in our having almost no natural means of contact. Otherwise generous people fear to permit families of distinctly different cultures to move into their apartment house or block because "if we let one family in, we will be crowded out." Would not the grounds for this fear disappear if all the neighborhoods in every city were opened up simultaneously to any family or person who had the means and desire to live there? It is the pressure of segregation that constitutes a threat to other groups and communities; out of segregation grow many of the other problems. Legalized discrimination can be dealt with only by legal action supported by public opinion. And public opinion is you and me.

Until this problem is solved, some device must be found to give us the opportunity for contacts that should be ours without effort. The need for a center in every community where people of all origins may meet as equals and find com-

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mon ground through the pursuit of common interests is clearly indicated. Such a center will require the support of many people. Its success will depend on skillful leaders who have a genuine interest in people and combine a knowledge of world affairs and nationality and racial backgrounds with recreational skills and techniques for dealing with groups. Such an intercultural center should be centrally located—like the public library or art institute—dignified, yet informal in spirit.

The International Institute serves as a center for intercultural contact in some cities, but unfortunately many cosmopolitan areas have no such agency, and in others with large immigrant populations the demand for individual services in promoting assimilation and Americanization has left the Institute staffs too little time for their equally important but less obviously urgent activities program.

Yet in every community in America the need for intercultural education for both children and adults is urgent. Most of us are intercultural and international illiterates. There is plenty of room for experimentation, especially in immediate work with adults, most of whom will not sit in classrooms. New techniques are needed; let us hope that necessity will mother social invention in this field.

In any community, if a small group of earnest people organize, begin to educate themselves emotionally and intellectually to live in an intercultural world, and publicize their activities judiciously, those whose interests run parallel will be attracted. Care should be taken to choose a meeting place that is "neutral" from the point of view of the various diversities represented. A special building is not necessary, but after some years it will probably come as a visible sign of awareness of cultural unity. People begin with an exploration of their differences, and progress in understanding as they become increasingly

aware of their resemblances. In sharing diversity they recognize similarity. Any interested person can begin working on this problem of intercultural education *in the place where he is*, with the children, family, neighbors, and associates next to him; in an enjoyable experience the problem will disappear, for most of it is within ourselves.

### IV

One project Americans in almost any city or state could get together on is the development of a folk arts center. The initial interest could be stimulated by the state historical society, the International Institute, or by an entirely new group, beginning simply by asking people to look around to see what they or their neighbors have that should be preserved for posterity.

Think what has happened to examples of the folk arts and crafts in the peasant villages of Europe and in the museums of bombed cities! Replicas of many of those treasures still exist in America, and the memory of their patterns and the skill to reproduce them will live for a few more years in the minds and fingers of our oldest immigrants. Yet every day these, too, are being lost.

A building taken over or newly built to serve as a folk arts center should be designed for "doing" rather than just "sitting" and "seeing." It should be not merely a museum for the preservation of quaint objects whose usefulness is past, but primarily an activity center, in which the past is valued as a stimulus for the development of the people's arts of the future. To make the idea concrete, let us imagine a building of three floors, located preferably on a side hill with the main entrance on the middle floor and wide fireproof stairways of only one flight leading to the ground floor and top floor.

On the ground floor, accessible from the street at the lower level, is a large assembly room designed to accommodate



a variety of activities, including folk dancing, programs, dinners, receptions, forums, small conventions. At one end is a well-equipped stage, with space underneath to store tables and chairs in sliding bins. There are no fixed seats, and the floor is flat, because this room is designed for participants *rather than for spectators*.

A gallery extends around the assembly room on three sides and behind the scenery loft at the end above the stage. This gallery opens into the other rooms on the second floor and provides a continuous promenade accessible from the street at the second-floor level. Around the walls of this gallery, along three sides of the assembly room, and in the lobby, there are exhibit cases and mounting space for the display of the arts and crafts of every cultural group in our population.

These exhibits are changed frequently to attract the attention of the people coming to the various activities—people who rarely visit museums and formal art galleries. This is not a museum of dead things, but a place vibrant with activity. The assembly room should be available for the use of non-profit organizations whose main purpose is the advancement of the folk arts and crafts, or the integration of all nationalities, races, and creeds into American life.

Beyond the stage in this hypothetical building is a large dining room, accessible through wide doors from the assembly hall. The dining room has removable tables so that it can also be used as a little theater. One-purpose rooms are often wasteful of space. Along the sides are old-world kitchens with their copper pots, braziers of charcoal for the broiling of Armenian shish-kebabs, caldrons for peasant soup, steaming Russian samovars, and the like. A well-equipped modern kitchen sufficient to serve the assembly room full of diners is out of sight beyond the dining room.

Such a dining room might be open to the public at noon. Soups, salads, and pastries from a Peasant Soup Shop would remind the patrons that they live in an international world and would also help to make this section of the building self-supporting. Guilds of women, recruited on an internationality and intercultural basis, might serve as volunteer hostesses and waitresses once a month, as they do in the Orthopedic Tea Shop in Seattle. To reduce the cost of the building, the assembly room could be used as the dining room, especially at noon.

This folk arts center houses a small shop, also, directly off the street, for the sale of handicraft products and craft supplies. The administrative offices and a library of folk arts materials occupy the rest of the middle floor. Well-lighted craft shops, practice space for folk dancing, rooms for the use of the folk song or folk theater practice groups, rooms for committee or board meetings and small gatherings, and a suite of rooms for distinguished foreign visitors, visiting folk arts specialists, occupy the third floor.

Such a modest useful building could be built in any city. It might appropriately serve as a memorial to our ancestors from many lands and peoples. Their names with dates and places of birth, residence, and death, could be recorded in a place of memory and recognition in the folk arts building. Some expression of America's religious heritage might be worked out in connection with this memorial room or alcove, and suitable interfaith programs could be celebrated there on the day of memory.

## V

Another civic project on which men, women, and children of all nationalities and races could work together would be the establishment of a beautiful garden of flowers, shrubs, and trees native to the

different countries from which Americans have been transplanted. Such gardens might fittingly surround the folk arts center or adjoin the state capitol or be included in a public park. Like rose gardens, they may eventually be found in every cosmopolitan city.

The Intercultural Gardens in Cleveland are a beautiful series of separate nationality plots along a boulevard at the top of a ravine. One woman's enthusiasm started them years ago, and they were completed as a WPA project with money collected from the various nationality groups and labor provided with federal funds. A less extensive garden could be developed, in which the names and origins of the various plants would be identified but in which they would all grow together as a symbol of the intermingling of all peoples in America. Ideas worked out in flowers and growing shrubs have a way of living in the memory of those who see them.

An international herb garden might also be included in the plan. The dried herbs and spices could be harvested and sold along with seeds, roots, and slips from the intercultural garden.

If the grounds were extensive, guilds of volunteer gardeners of many different nationalities and races could care for assigned plots. When victory gardens are no longer necessary, intercultural gardens owned by the community might provide delightful leisure-time activity for apartment dwellers who love the soil and sun.

## VI

The enthusiastic public response to the international village of the Festival of Nations in St. Paul suggests the feasibility of building a permanent international and intercultural village. (For a detailed description of the Festival of Nations, see the article by Louis Adamic in the Summer 1941 issue of COMMON GROUND, and

Mrs. Sickels' forthcoming book, *Around the World in St. Paul*, where she describes it fully. It is an important and dramatic "bridge of understanding." Ed.) In some suitable recreation area, maintained as a state or national park, the various nationality groups in America would be invited to set up houses and villages typical of their homelands. The cottages would be furnished with heirlooms or faithful reproductions and would serve as small museums of the various arts and crafts. Families of the nationality would live in these cottages, and flowers and herbs would be raised and sold to visitors who wish to establish their own symbolic international gardens. Foods typical of the homelands would be sold from the cottages, and later, as the projects develop, from quaint old-world or early American restaurants.

The park would provide an experience in intercultural living, particularly for family and youth groups. It would be the accepted thing for all visitors to participate and not merely to look on, to enter into the nationality games, try their hands at the handicrafts, watch or even help with a demonstration of foreign cookery, join in the folk songs, singing, games, and country dancing. For teachers and group leaders there would be courses carrying college credit, and specialists in various forms of folk expression would be brought in to give instruction. But the atmosphere and tempo would be that of a folk school, with a swim, a ride on a western pony, or folk dancing on the green at the end of the day.

College instructors in handicrafts, dancing, and other folk arts would be available as staff members in the park during the summer. College students could assist the residents and the staff in providing the necessary services. In time, groups of college students might be recruited in other countries for a summer in the Unit-

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ed States in exchange for their services, an arrangement similar to the summer work in Glacier, Yellowstone, and other national parks so popular among American college students. American students in exchange might find self-supporting work in recreation areas abroad.

Automobile travel might be limited to one encircling road; leisurely walking should be the accepted thing. For longer distances transportation might be provided by Polish drozkas driven by Gorallie in their eagle-feathered, wide-brimmed hats, Irish pony carts, an English tallyho, Indian ponies, or even a Red River ox cart.

Visitors to the park would have the opportunity to relive the life of their ancestors; historical continuity would be reknit for them as it has been for those of early American ancestry who visit restored Williamsburg. Family groups on vacation in the family car, who may turn into the Park to see how grandmother lived and worked in Sweden, Italy, or Russia, will discover a world in miniature; and while living in a comfortable tourist camp learn much about the backgrounds of other Americans as well as their own.

Let the word get around that a replica of Robert Burns' cottage and garden are to be set up in a beautiful spot among similar houses for other countries, and every Scotsman that hears of it will immediately be interested. He may never have been in Scotland, but he would like to see Robert Burns' cottage, hear the skirl of pipes played by men in kilts, see the old Scottish flings and schottish, and taste some real Scottish scones. What is more, he would want the wife and children to see them too.

There is no chauvinism or excessive nationalism about this; it is not evidence that he is secretly plotting an independent Scotland, or that he puts the interests of his native land above those of America.

It is just part of him, like his sandy complexion. It gives him pleasure to claim his Scottish ancestry—on the occasions when he happens to think of it. There are, of course, a few chauvinists, even foreign agents, in the nationality communities. But their activities are not to be confused with the honest pride and interest that people feel in their cultural past.

The psychiatrists have amply demonstrated that it is dangerous to cut oneself off from one's past, no matter how full of suffering it has been. A beautiful folk culture park would help to give to thousands of American people a sense of cultural continuity which is now so largely lacking in our national character except for those few who can claim early American ancestors. And it would say beautifully and dramatically to the nations and races of the world, "You and we share a common past."

The suggested folk arts center, intercultural garden, and international park, if they belonged to all the people, might stimulate a folk culture renaissance. If, however, the average man and woman in the cultural communities are asked only for money and are left out of the planning, the management, or the use of these facilities, they may easily become academic and erudite, far removed from the people. They may still be useful as museums and art galleries are useful, but not especially as bridges of understanding between Americans of diverse backgrounds or as the beginnings of a popular folk arts movement. To commercialize this idea would defeat it.

The idea of an outdoor folk museum on a national scale appeared first in 1872 in Sweden, a country made up of many provinces, each with its distinctive costumes, dances, and dialects. To present a composite picture of the whole country and preserve disappearing arts and

crafts, the houses, gardens, and people of the various provinces were transplanted to an island outside of Stockholm, where it is reported they are visited each year by about six million persons. The project is self-supporting. The Swedish idea spread, and outdoor folk arts centers have been established under government sponsorship in Norway, Denmark, and various other countries.

The idea has been discussed as a practical project in Minnesota over a period of almost ten years, and has won the enthusiastic support of many prominent state officials including two successive governors. One of the locations proposed for the international village is White-water State Park near Rochester, where there is already an international shrine of healing, the Mayo Clinic, to which thousands of persons come every year from all parts of the world.

Encouraged by the hearty approval of half a hundred national intercultural authorities with whom the plan was discussed, and a committee of 100 citizens who met in St. Paul in November of 1943 at the call of the Governor, the Minnesota leaders in August 1944 organized the Folk Arts Foundation of America to undertake as a postwar project for the state the establishment of a folk arts center and an international park. It is earnestly to be hoped that success will attend their plans.

## VII

Americans can find more common ground in religion than is generally supposed. Our religious diversity is being assimilated. The various sects tend to learn from one another; each profits by the example of its neighbors.

On a trip through New England two years ago, I went with a colleague to visit her alma mater, a private school established in the strict Protestant tradition. As we were crossing the beautiful campus

with its century-old elms and long vistas up the Connecticut Valley, we came upon the old chapel which my friend had not seen since her high school days. "Oh, it's different," she exclaimed as we stepped inside. "It's all changed." The front of the building, where a plain bare platform and pulpit had formerly stood against a background of organ pipes, had been recessed. The pipes had disappeared and under the new archway, in this austere Protestant chapel, had been added an altar with a cross.

Recently in a Congregational church in Washington, D.C., I also saw a beautiful bronze cross and candlesticks against a triptych of red velvet on the communion table. It would not have been there a few years ago.

One observes increasingly the restoration of processions, rituals, and vestments in the Protestant churches, and recently I even saw a crucifix in a Norwegian Lutheran church in St. Paul and a marble figure in a Danish Lutheran church in rural Minnesota. Catholic churches, on the other hand, are establishing co-educational youth groups somewhat similar to the Methodist Epworth League and the Baptist Young People's Union. They are placing more emphasis on liturgical services, the teaching sermon, Bible study for laymen, and social action. The Buddhists here are also developing youth groups and other forms of democratic social organization. The Episcopal clergy and the Eastern Orthodox and Greek Catholic priests have begun to assist at one another's altars.

Joint Thanksgiving services in many cities include Unitarians, reformed Jews, and many varieties of Trinitarians. Protestant and Catholic churches are joining in presenting Christmas pageants. Large national Protestant church organizations whose traditional ceremonials have been distinctly different are merging. In fox-

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holes, on blazing decks, and among the new graves of our war dead, chaplains and men of all faiths reached out together for God.

The followers of our various religions may be thought of as a company of people from many different nations and cultures gathered in a great circle around the foot of a symmetrical mountain like Mt. Rainier or Fujiyama. Each one climbs upward, following the highest good he knows in his search for God hidden in the mist at the top of the mountain. A man's religious understanding is related to the interpretation in which he has been reared and to his individual psychology. America assures to all the people climbing the mountain freedom to ascend by whatever path seems to them the surest route. No one may push another down. And the more progress the people of the various religions make toward their goal at the summit, the closer together they find themselves.

Respect for religious difference in America has, however, in some respects resulted in irreligion. Although "In God We Trust" is our national motto, millions of Americans profess no religion, and a great many children receive no religious education. Nazism has been well defined as "the absence of moral law," yet children in our public schools receive only incidental moral instruction. Could not two or three of the greatest scholars and teachers from each of the religions, meeting together in some quiet spot for a retreat apart from other people, agree on a simple statement of the common ground in our American religions and moral codes? And then could not this minimum of fact and belief in which there is agreement be taught to our children? This would be a tremendous step in advance.

A further step might be agreement on certain stories and poems from ancient

and modern literature which are acceptable to all groups and can be used to illustrate the common beliefs. A conservative Jewish rabbi recently commented that the petitions of "Our Father" are universal; it is only its historic association with the Christian church that has made this great prayer, uttered originally by a Jew, unacceptable to those of that faith.

It might later be advisable to include for older students material identifying and describing the great religions and moral codes of the world. Much of the information people are now absorbing about faiths different from their own is highly prejudicial. There should be some recognized, unprejudiced interfaith source of information available to everyone.

The National Conference of Christians and Jews has in the fifteen years since its founding made a far-reaching contribution to increased co-operation, understanding, and respect for difference. The simultaneous appearance on thousands of platforms throughout the country of rabbi, priest, and pastor, has dramatized the elimination of religious prejudice. But, according to their own statement, the Conference of Christians and Jews "does not seek . . . any least common multiple of faith." Yet the common multiple exists. To express it does not imply that for the individual or organized religions the factors that are not common are to be abandoned. One religion is not "as good as another"; to every sincerely religious person one religion is best.

In places where the governing body for the public schools desires to include this basic religious information in the curriculum, there should still be opportunity for the individual child to be excused at the request of his parents. Freedom of religion in America also includes the right to profess no religion or to disagree with even a minimum statement of belief.

The clear statement of the universal



## COMMON GROUND

elements in our major religions should be followed by the invention of suitable means of giving them dignified and satisfying expression on public occasions, such as Memorial Day, the Fourth of July, and Thanksgiving. Such a pattern might, for instance, have been invoked for community ceremonies and public prayers on D Day, V-E Day, and during the national mourning for Franklin Roosevelt. Many programs broadcast on those occasions evidenced a unity of faith, and in his own prayer over the radio on D Day, President Roosevelt stood on common ground.

Respect for difference is essential; tolerance is a great advance over prejudice; but the sharing of their common faith by people of diverse religious heritages is an even higher, though more distant, goal.

### VIII

For those to whom all the previous suggestions seem too complicated and unachievable, there is still one day a year in which they may be consciously international-minded. That day is Christmas. People of every faith can find common ground in the Christmas message, "Peace on earth, good will toward men," even though the mystery of the incarnation may have no personal meaning for them. With a little thought and preparation, parents, teachers, and group leaders can make the holiday season in America a time for remembering our heritage from many lands and an occasion for expressing good will toward people everywhere.

Preparations for such a Christmas may begin on St. Barbara's day, December 4. In climates where the sap is beginning to rise in the fruit trees, budded twigs are broken and brought into the house to force the pink blooms. In Czechoslovakia the young women wear those blossom clusters on Christmas day—until they are snatched away and worn by the young

man currently in favor. On December 10, according to a Serbian custom, children plant wheat on a platter. The kernels, previously soaked in water, will make a tiny green field by Christmas, a pasture for the animals associated with the Christmas story.

The Jewish Hanukkah, recalling a great war for religious freedom and also the East Indian Feast of Lights, begins about eight days before the Christian Christmas. The first of the eight Hanukkah candles is lighted at sundown the first evening. An additional candle is lighted each day until on the last all eight are ablaze. East Indian students at the University of Minnesota set a blaze of light along the borders, sills, and cross sections of a window, using rows of tiny cuplike lamps made of clay in the primitive manner but holding small candles instead of oil and wicks. The making of suitable candleholders of wood, metal, or clay for the Feast of Lights is an interesting craft project.

Garlands of laurel, holly, and other evergreens hung about the house a few days before the holidays recall old England. The center of the American Christmas is the Christmas tree, a custom transplanted from Germany. The tree will mean more to the children if they decorate it themselves with gilded nuts, sugar plums, popcorn and cranberry chains they have made themselves as their grandparents did. Some Swedish people add a chain of small flags of all countries as a special gesture of good will to other peoples. For those fortunate enough to have an open fire, the English, Slavic, and Portuguese tradition of carrying in the decorated Yule log on Christmas Eve brings with it good luck for the household. While it is blazing, the log is struck with an iron rod to send as many sparks as possible flying upward as a symbol of abundance.

The replicas of the manger scene found

## BRIDGES OF UNDERSTANDING

increasingly in American homes recall the first *Presepio* arranged in Italy by the good St. Francis of Assisi to teach the Christmas story. The custom spread to France where the nativity group is called a *crèche*. Whether the figures for the nativity scene are purchased ready made or are fashioned by the children from wood or clay, it is well to remember that in early Christian art one of the three kings is often shown as a black man; if at least one of the others is an Oriental, the three races of mankind are included in the Christmas story.

Beautiful sheaves of grain are placed in the corner of the living room by the Russians and Ukrainians as omens of good luck, and the same sheaves may later be tied to a fence post or a pole outside the window in accordance with the Norwegian custom of remembering the birds at Christmas time. The southern Slavs have as their principal table decoration a large *Kolach*, a circular braided bread of white flour decorated with nuts and poppyseed. In Croatia the Christmas *Kolach* has pockets for three candles, one of which is lighted on Christmas Eve, one on Christmas Day, and the third on New Year's.

Many countries not otherwise represented in the holiday decorations may be included in the Christmas cakes and delicacies. In the midst of all this gaiety and abundance, a wisp of straw placed under the tablecloth, in accordance with the Polish custom, recalls the manger and suggests humility. In Serbia, when everything is in readiness, the head of the house throws a whole walnut into each of the four corners of the room as a sign that the message of peace and good will is sent north, south, east, and west.

The Chinese custom of doing honor to the "Kitchen God," Tsoa Chun, at their New Year seems appropriate to our holiday season also. His picture, which the

children could make, adorns the kitchen wall, and it is burned during the festivities, for the god must disappear to report in heaven on the affairs of the household under his care. Before his departure the children cover his mouth with honey so that he will speak only sweet words of them, or with thick molasses if he must be silenced entirely!

The Mexican custom of breaking the *pianta* provides an exciting Christmas game. An easily broken container in the shape of a large jar or basket is decorated with bright paper flowers and streamers, then filled with goodies and small trinkets and hung in a doorway. The guests take turns trying to hit it with an especially decorated stick to break it and shower the contents, for which there is a scramble. In Syria, a tiny camel which could not keep up with the wise men's caravan brings the children gifts in exchange for bowls of food and water. A lighted candle in the window shows him the way.

Almost every country has its Christmas Eve carollers, many of whom also re-enact bits of the Christmas story. The troupes of singers may carry a transparent six-pointed lighted star on a stick as do the Ukrainians, Poles, and Romanians. The Romanians add tiny bells to the star points. Others may swing along with Greek lanterns made of pierced brass or tin, and shaped like St. Basil's ship. The visit to neighbors and shut-ins will have added interest if the singers carry a "Bethlehem" as do the Czech and Hungarian minstrel shepherds. This is made by assembling the manger scene on a large tray with handles. Among the carols may be included songs from whatever cultural groups live in one's own community, sung if possible in the original.

The American Christmas could thus consciously become an international holiday expressing peace and good will to-

## COMMON GROUND

ward all peoples. Those who, through the ages, have decreed festivals and holidays have known that for a multitude of people to hold an idea even for a day sets it farther on its way toward realization.

### IX

But the world will not be saved by festivals. Caesar knew two thousand years ago that the people must have bread as well as circuses. The thesis that the United States will be a happier, more secure home for all of us, and that our nation will be better able to play its role in world affairs when Americans of many backgrounds have accepted their diversity and discovered their common humanity is not to be construed as a substitute for economic justice. Freedom from want is a basic freedom. Liberty, equality, brotherhood, justice, peace—these are possible only when people are free from the fear of want.

Abundance has always been a very real part of the American dream. Now in our time it has been demonstrated that creative imagination and effort can produce a substitute for any substance, either for direct use or as a source of energy. The wool-textured dress I am wearing is made from skimmed milk! The laboratories of the world are full of miracles. We know now that there can be enough for everyone. In a world in which men know that potentially there is no lack, peace becomes possible; men and nations can progress by co-operation rather than by competition.

To many people, fearful of change, this sounds revolutionary. It is. Hitherto men and nations have proceeded on the assumption that there is a limit to the supply of everything, including ideas. Abundance for one group seemed assured only if another had less than enough. Privilege could be maintained only if some of the people either remained too ignorant to

resent their inferior position or were kept in their place by militant prejudice or physical force. The strong took things, including continents, away from the weak; they patented their creative ideas and withheld them from universal use. Since there seemed not enough for everyone, the strong justified their enjoyment of more than their share of the good things of life on the basis of divine, hereditary superiority. Free men could not tolerate this idea and resorted to war. They will again, if the pattern continues.

Worldwide depression and worldwide war have shown us that there *must* not be "have-nots"; science has demonstrated that there need not be. But merely dividing up is not the solution. Democracy is secure only when every person has an opportunity to produce, and to enjoy in return, food, shelter, clothing, education, and leisure according to his capacity. Equality in American ideology means equality of opportunity and responsibility.

To bring this about is primarily the job of the political economists and the statesmen and the leaders of business, industry, and labor. But the rest of us must lend support to the necessary social changes by understanding the situation and by insisting on a speedy solution to our economic problems. Poverty and war with their accompanying evils will be with us as long as we believe them inevitable or are willing to tolerate them; a solution will be found as soon as enough people demand it. In a democracy every citizen is equally and jointly responsible; if things are not to our liking, it is no one's fault more than our own.

America is an idea. This idea is being worked out in the United States by carriers of historic civilizations who have gathered here from every corner of the world, largely from Europe. Democracy is the end toward which we aim; it is also the process by which we move forward.

## SPEAK THE PEOPLE'S VOICE

How long it will take to bring the real America into full expression will depend on the men and women through whose faith and effort it must be achieved. Our America is, in the last analysis, "only you and me."

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Alice L. Sickels is executive director of the International Institute of Metropolitan

Detroit. For many years she served in the same position in St. Paul, and it was there she developed her famous Festival of Nations (described in the Summer 1941 issue of CG). "Bridges of Understanding" is an excerpt from her forthcoming book, *Around the World in St. Paul*, to be published in the late Fall by the University of Minnesota Press.

## SPEAK THE PEOPLE'S VOICE

NATHAN ZIMELMAN

They speak with one voice  
These men who make my land.  
The sea voice,  
For first in their endless coming  
Was the endless sea.  
The earth voice,  
For each who came  
Chained of limb or thought,  
Chained and chainless,  
Would sow new earth with freedom seed.  
The city voice,  
For there is a hurry in their hearts  
And each sails the streets,  
A wondrous small Columbus  
Clutching his India to his breast.  
The sky voice,  
For if there are those who hunger  
And know still the spitting word,  
There is yet the sky to dreamers.  
This then is the voice of my land:  
The many voices of the many people,  
The different voices of the different,  
The same,  
The one voice, the one land,  
The one people.

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Nathan Zimelman is a young California writer.

## FOR MARRIAGE IS A FINE THING, ENTIRELY

HELEN PAPASHVILY

OUR Aunt Maggie was ever one to mind her own business. She said so herself. She said the world turns better when every dog carries his own tail.

But of course that didn't keep her from helping a person when he needed it. For how else can you store up treasures in heaven, to say nothing of making sure there'll be somebody to cry at your funeral?

Like the time the baker boy trespassed inside the front gate. "No, boy," Aunt Maggie told him from the porch. "Go 'way! Baker bread! Why, the very idea. I wouldn't touch the stuff. They put sawdust to the flour."

"I have cakes." He started up the steps.

Aunt Maggie flapped her apron at him. "Get along with you and don't come traipsing up me clean steps."

"And crullers," he said hopefully.

"No, for the last time. And if you've tracked dirt on me steps, I'll set the dog on you. Dandy! Here, sir!"

Dandy, lying under the potted plant stand, tapped his tail twice to show he recognized his name and went back to sleep.

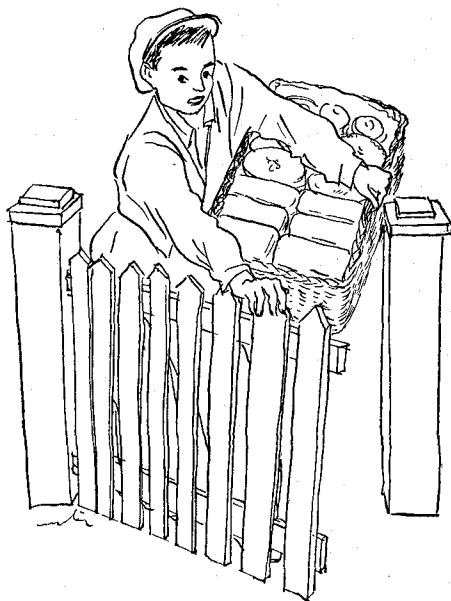
Whether this threw the baker boy into a terror or whether he missed the top step was never known, but he went crashing down the whole flight and lay in a still heap at the bottom.

"Holy Mother of God, help us now and at the hour of our death," Aunt Maggie said. She ran down the steps. "Boy! Boy!" She shook him lightly. His foot was hooked over the handle of his basket,

and a golden aureole of pumpkin pie shone around his head.

Aunt Maggie turned the garden sprinkler on and played it over his face. The boy opened a surprised eye. "I fell," he said.

"Move your arms and your limbs," Aunt Maggie commanded him. "You give me a turn." She wet her apron at the faucet and wiped off his head. "Well!



You're all whole, I guess. What's your name and how old would you be?"

"Johnny Mulcahey," he said. He propped himself up against the lower step and rested his head on the newel post. "I'm nineteen."

"That's young," Aunt Maggie said,



FOR MARRIAGE IS A FINE THING, ENTIRELY

"but not too young. Mulcahey? Was your mother an O'Conner?"

"No, ma'am. She was an O'Neal."

"That's perfectly all right," Aunt Maggie said graciously. "The O'Neals are a fine family, too. I knew a Mary Agnes O'Neal and a Mary Anna O'Neal and a Frank O'Neal that kept a fish market. What wages do you get?"

"Two dollars a week and all the bread I can eat."

"Don't put a bite to your mouth," Aunt Maggie said. "It'll only lay like so much lead on your stummick. But two dollars isn't near enough to get married on."

"No, ma'am," Johnny Mulcahey said, "but I wasn't expecting to—"

"The Lord knows what's best for everybody," Aunt Maggie told him severely. "You're not a freethinker, are you?"

"No, ma'am."

Aunt Maggie picked up a broken cookie and tried it. "Not as much taste as cardboard."

Uncle Andrew opened the gate, turned in the walk, and sent a calculating eye over the wreckage. "Whose fault?" he wanted to know.

"Mine." Johnny got up off the steps and began to salvage his bread and sugar cookies and what had started out as chocolate cream cake.

"Accidents will happen," Aunt Maggie said. "Now here's a fine young fellow, strong as a horse, never been sick a day in his life—"

"I had the mumps twice," Johnny Mulcahey put in.

"—barring the little upsets of childhood. Besides all of which, he's related to the O'Connors—"

"O'Neals—"

"And the O'Neals," Aunt Maggie went on, "and it occurred to me you might be having a place for him down town. He expects to get married and the bakery

don't pay. Not enough, that is, to keep a wife."

"And who is the fortunate lady of your choice?" Uncle Andrew asked him.

"I—I don't know," Johnny Mulcahey said. "I—"

"Young man," Uncle Andrew said, "my advice to you is to get back to your bakery, and I'll thank you to take the remains of your merchandise along with you when you go. And now I'll bid you good day."

"Yes, sir," Johnny Mulcahey said.

Uncle Andrew stamped up the steps. "Lass," he thundered from the door. "I want me dinner."

"I'm already there," Aunt Maggie told him. "Set down to the table. Now look you, Johnny Mulcahey," she said in a whisper, "be at me husband's office at seven o'clock tomorrow morning. It's the levee on the channel side of the slough, and sure everybody can point the place. And be on time, for he's a great admirer of punctuality is me husband, and I don't doubt he'll give you work. \$4.50 is what he pays to start."

Eight months later when Johnny Mulcahey had gone from errand boy to checker and from checker to assistant to the assistant clerk and finally to a stool and a penholder and an alpaca coat all his own, Uncle Andrew said to Aunt Maggie, "And whatever give ye the idea the lad wanted to get married? He seems steady enough to me."

"Married?" Aunt Maggie said. "Oh, Johnny Mulcahey. Why, he fell coming upstairs. And as anyone can tell you, to fall going down the steps is naught but a sad misfortune, but to fall coming up, why it's a sure sign you'll marry before the year's out. That gives me an idea. Is he keeping company?"

"It's not a matter I'd discuss with him," Uncle Andrew said.

## COMMON GROUND

"What do you pay him?" Aunt Maggie wanted to know.

Uncle Andrew smoked his pipe in silence.

"Not that you could hardly afford to give him more than six. I'm sure of that."

Uncle Andrew drew on his pipe. "Eight," he said at last.

"Did he ask for the raise his own self?"

"No."

"Then he's not keeping serious company. He might do for Mary Veronica. The fellow she was going with gave her a jilt, and Mrs. Ahearn told me today. If you raised him to ten, he could get married."

"Woman," Uncle Andrew said, "for the last time, will ye or not stay out of me business?"

"I'm sure I never take the slightest notice of your business. It's six years and more since I put me foot on the levee, and it'll be sixty before I have time to do it again. I've got troubles enough of me own."

"And if you're thinking of Jawn Mulcahey for Veronica, you're doin' him no favor. I've seen her sitting on the porch at her fancy work while her mother hangs out the wash."

"Well, it's a poor house that can't support one lady," Aunt Maggie said. "She'll change when she has her own young ones."

So, the next morning, Aunt Maggie went off down town and came back to Ahearns' with a big package under her arm.

"I'll thank you for a nice little cup of tea, Mrs. Ahearn," she said. "And, Mary Veronica, brace up. Don't sit there crying for nothing or the Lord'll send you something to cry for."

"But I loved him," Mary Veronica sobbed into her handkerchief.

"Did you now?" Aunt Maggie said. "Sure, that's more than I can say. I

couldn't abide him the first minute I laid me eyes on him. The shape of his head."

"The shape of his head?" Mrs. Ahearn was pouring the tea.

"How it come to a point. A sure sign of stubbornness. Why, you had only to look at the look of him to see it."

"But I loved—" Mary Veronica tried to tell them.

"So, as I happened to be passing through Smith and Lang's this morning," Aunt Maggie said, "I laid me eyes on this material and I thought to meself, 'If that isn't the very thing for Mary Veronica'." She threw a length of blue watered silk over the chair back. "So I said to the girl behind the counter, I said, I'll have a dress piece off that, I said, for a friend of mine who can wear it."

Mary Veronica dried her eyes long enough to see how much rustle the silk had to it.

"Now I'll tell you, Mrs. Ahearn, dear," Aunt Maggie said, "I'd make it up with a full berth and gore the skirt. Mary Veronica is the type that can wear that—"

"Am I?" Mary Veronica said, holding up the piece and looking into the mirror to see if the color really went with her face. "Am I, really?"

"Certainly," Aunt Maggie told her, finishing the tea in a brisk sup. "And I'd make it up in a hurry if I was you, for I want you to come and take supper with us on Willy's birthday, and it happens a young man with curly hair and a dimple in his chin and very well thought of by his employer will be there, too."

"Do I know him?" Mary Veronica asked. "Do I?"

"I'll say no more." Aunt Maggie found her gloves and her string bag and went out the door.

So, on Willy's birthday, Mary Veronica came to supper, and Uncle Andrew brought home Johnny Mulcahey and Aloysius Cavanaugh, his head clerk, and

the three O'Leary girls came, too, and both the McGuires, and Aunt Maggie had oyster stew and a boiled salmon, and when she saw Johnny Mulcahey helping Mary Veronica to soda crackers and sitting beside her later to play Lotto, sure it brought a tear to the eye. "There's a match that was made in Heaven," she said to Mrs. Feely when they went out to the pantry to cut the cakes and dish up the cream. "Mary Veronica and

that were left. "I told you to stop crying and everything would come all right. My own mother, God bless her, she's happy with the holy angels now, if she told me once she told me a hundred times: remember there's always as good fish left in the sea as was ever caught out."

And that's what happened. The fish, when Mary Veronica married him on Easter Monday with three bridesmaids, did have curly hair and a dimple in his chin, and he must have been very well thought of indeed by his employer, for Uncle Andrew gave them two hundred dollars, his blessing, and enough potatoes to last through the summer. The only thing—his name wasn't Johnny Mulcahey but Aloysius Cavanaugh. But that didn't bother Aunt Maggie, nor did the fact that it was two whole years more before Johnny Mulcahey went down the aisle with the middle O'Leary girl. Aunt Maggie was beaming from a front pew both times.

"Mama," Willy said, watching her lay her bonnet away in paper for the next occasion, "sometimes I think you'd almost rather go to a wedding than to a funeral."

"And why not?" Aunt Maggie wanted to know. "Isn't marriage a fine thing? And when God invented donkeys, didn't he make a jack for every jenny? Now get ready for your supper, Willy. Wash your hands and hang up your cap where it belongs unless you want to break your poor old mother's heart entirely. For if I've told you once, I've told you a hundred times: if you throw a hat on the bed it's a sure sign you'll marry a wife that drinks."

*This is the third in a series of sketches which Helen Papashvily is doing for*  
COMMON GROUND.

The illustrations are by Bernadine Custer.



Johnny Mulcahey. Wasn't I blessed I could help it along? Sure, they can't do less than name the first one after me. Little Marg'rt Mulcahey. Don't it sound grand?"

"Now, you see," she said to Mary Veronica when she stepped over to Aherns' next day with two of the cakes

## THE FAT COLLECTORS

RAMONA LOWE

THE GROUP of women, some in trim fitting uniforms that proclaimed them volunteers for the war effort, sat chatting comfortably in their headquarters after the ardors of the day.

"There is only one place I can think of that we haven't covered," said Mrs. Hollister.

"Yes, darling? I feel as if I had been collecting fat from the world—the entire world," slender Mrs. Lucas cooed, settling limply in an easy chair.

"The Northside, dear," reminded Mrs. Hollister. "Not a bit of fat has come from the Northside."

"Oh, I had completely forgotten about the Northside." Mrs. Lucas was sympathetic. "Haven't they any fat to give?"

"They must have fat," boomed Miss Tripp. "Everybody has fat."

"What an optimist, Pat, dear!" Mrs. Lucas with the index finger of her right hand toyed with the sparkling diamonds on her left. "If they have it, why haven't they given it?"

"Well, it's not because we didn't try to get it," said Mrs. Hollister, unbuttoning the jacket of her uniform and releasing her full, white silk-encased bosom. "Gladys and I went over there twice. Twice, I tell you, and I was never so humiliated in my life."

"Why, darling? Do they eat the fat?" Mrs. Lucas wanted to know.

"I don't know what they do with it, but they certainly aren't giving it in," Mrs. Hollister answered.

"Oh, yes," piped up Mrs. Phelps, "they do eat fat and molasses. I read it."

"Fatback," Miss Tripp corrected. "It's part of the pig."

"But why don't they give it, Claire, darling?" Mrs. Lucas was languidly impatient.

"Search me. I went over there to talk to a Mrs. Perry. Her husband's a doctor and she's been to college. You must have met her in the Community Chest drive. She looks almost white. That is, if you didn't know."

"Isn't it amazing," commented Mrs. Phelps, "how they can look so much like white! They must have some white blood in them."

"Well, I said to Mrs. Perry, 'What can we do to make your people realize that this is their war, too?'" Mrs. Hollister continued. "And she promised to get their ministers to call a meeting."

"Darling, you mean they have to have the war explained to them!" Mrs. Lucas was appalled. "Good heavens! And the papers full of the horrors of the Japanese and what they're doing to our poor boys."

"Isn't it terrible!" interpolated Mrs. Phelps, seeing in her mind's eye the gruesome newsprint photos.

"Why, the thought of it makes my blood curdle," Mrs. Lucas finished.

"Well, they had the meeting, and Gladys and Margaret and I went," continued Mrs. Hollister. "Margaret was to tell them how important fat is to the war and ask them to give theirs. Mrs. Perry

made a very nice little speech introducing Margaret, and she mentioned that Margaret is the wife of the owner of the Stanton Theatre. Then Margaret spoke. You know how she always does, very well. Then she asked if there were any questions. And some man in the audience got up and asked why Margaret's husband segregated Negroes in his theatre."

"What!" exclaimed Mrs. Phelps.

"That's exactly what he asked!"

"Well!" breathed Mrs. Phelps.

"But where do the Negroes sit?" asked little Mrs. Crane, who was all attention, one knee over the other and chin in hand.

"I don't really know, but it seems they must sit somewhere together," Mrs. Hollister said.

"His isn't the only motion picture house that does that," Miss Tripp informed the group.

"But what has that to do with fat?" asked Mrs. Lucas.

"That's just it!" Mrs. Hollister said.

"And Mrs. Perry got up and said the question was out of order. Then another man jumped up and declared there wasn't really any democracy in this country and it was time we realized it."

"Oh, but it's clear there were some foreign agitators there." Mrs. Phelps was sure, and she looked around at the ladies for agreement.

Mrs. Hollister looked dubious. "They were both black men who spoke. Anyhow, Margaret stood her ground. She said she didn't know about the policy in the theatre. It was her husband's and she let him run his own business. And as for democracy we would certainly not have any if we didn't win this war."

"Good for her!" Mrs. Lucas bobbed her chin.

"And what she had come for was fat to help win it," Mrs. Hollister went on. "And she sat down. Well, hands began to wave and people began to jump up and

there was so much confusion the minister in whose church it was had to rap for order. When things quieted, Mrs. Perry announced that the real purpose of the meeting was to form a committee to help gather fat and who would volunteer. And the people began to walk out!"

"How horrible!" cried Mrs. Phelps.

"You know I think the colored people are simply beside themselves today," declared Mrs. Bayless, a large blond woman. "It's all this money they're making! Why, one came in the beauty shop while I was getting a manicure the other day and wanted her hair cut. You know Mrs. O'Brien. She has tact, and she said, 'I'm sorry we don't cater to members of your race, but I can give you the names of some barbers on the Northside.'"

"That was nice," commented Mrs. Phelps.

"But the woman wasn't satisfied. She called for the manager. She wanted a special feather cut and claimed she couldn't get it on the Northside."

"What did the manager do?" Mrs. Lucas' eyes twinkled expectantly.

"He was furious. Said he didn't care what she wanted; he didn't want and didn't intend to have any colored customers. And that was that. She was a nice-looking woman, though. Made me think right away of an Indian."

"That's what she was, probably," offered Mrs. Phelps. "She was mixed. A half-breed. Colored people are really very timid, you know."

"I think it's just as Mary says," spoke up white-haired Mrs. Hammond, who had been quietly knitting a navy blue sock. "There are some alien forces at work stirring them up. Whoever heard of a colored person walking into a beauty parlor on the Southside! And all that foolish talk about democracy and not wanting to sit by themselves in the theatre when fat is the issue! They wouldn't think that up



themselves. Why, I've had a colored cook for years, and I know colored people pretty well."

"But why should they refuse to give the woman a haircut?" little Mrs. Crane wanted to know. "What harm could there have been in that?"

Miss Tripp boomed an interruption. "You know how you and Margaret could have got the fat? By forming an inter-racial committee. They fall for that. They like to drink tea with white people and feel they're all equal."

"Well," said Mrs. Hollister hopefully as she buttoned her jacket, "shall we form one? I'm sure Mrs. Perry would co-operate and, after all, this is war and we can't let one little defeat stop us."

"And I'll speak to Amy, my cook," volunteered Mrs. Hammond. "I'm sure she'd be on the committee."

"What will we have to do?" asked Mrs. Phelps.

"Oh, it'll be simple," boomed Miss Tripp. "Just get this Mrs. Perry to have a tea or something at her house."

"That's a splendid idea," agreed Mrs. Hollister. "Mrs. Perry has a beautiful home for a colored person, and I don't think any of you who wanted to go would mind too much."

"Certainly we won't mind," said Mrs. Hammond. "We've got to work together on this."

"But what good will it do if we go into their homes and just get the fat?" protested little Mrs. Crane, pulling on her immaculate white gloves.

"Darling," cooed Mrs. Lucas, "are you serious? That's all we're after."

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*Ramona Lowe is a free-lance writer, formerly New York correspondent for the Chicago Defender.*

## ADAM'S BLACK BOY

FLORENCE V. MAYBERRY

*A down-beat rhythm drumming in my ears,  
Hi-de-ho, hi-de-hi, O weep out the tears!  
Saturday night jive, Monday morning fears!  
O Lord, O Lord, O how many years?*

*Years a'coming, years a'dragging, bruising on my heart,  
Lord, what I'd give to play a white man's part!*

*Walk in a bar, begging "Please!" for a beer,  
Sign says, "No dogs and no niggers in here."  
Sweet talk a man like he's my auctioneer,  
Make out I'm dumb and I got no ear.*

*Bend my knees, bend my knees, till they're walking like feet,  
Crawl on my belly while my mouth talks sweet.*

## ADAM'S BLACK BOY

Shine up your shoes, Boss, O ain't you kind!  
Pack out your slops, Boss, tag along behind.  
O Lord, ain't I happy, laughing out of mind!  
Cackling and hollering till I split my rind!

Hee-hee-HEY-HEY, laughing till I split,  
If I wasn't so happy, I'd have me a fit!

O sing those hymns, pray loud and late!  
Throw my dollar on an old tin plate,  
Dollar come from folks I just adulate,  
Got it washing clothes, O I'm doing first-rate!

Wash it clean, wash it clean, wash the black hurt out!  
Got my heart on the board, O hear me shout!

Strut high, strut wide, jiving up the heat,  
Step high, step wide, trucking down the street.  
I'm boogie-woogie happy with a moaning down-beat,  
Swoll up with ache till my sides won't meet.

Swelling up, swelling up, puffing like an adder,  
Another day come, and I'm going to get madder.

O Lord, O Lord, why'd you make us black and white?  
Claimed Adam was my daddy, now that ain't right.  
Old Adam wouldn't howdy me except at night,  
Dear Lord, I've got to live in broad daylight!

Night's a-leaving, night's a-leaving, sun's a-rising high,  
Going to live like a man if I've got to die!

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Florence V. Mayberry contributes both poetry and prose to magazines and has been serving as senior interviewer for the U.S. Employment Service in Nevada, handling handicapped applicants.

## PREJUDICE!—ROADBLOCK TO PROGRESS

ARMY TALK NUMBER 70

(Each week the Orientation Section of the Information and Education Division, Army Service Forces, distributes a discussion outline throughout the Army. A minimum of one hour per week is devoted to a free discussion based on these outlines—called Army Talk—on current events, war aims, the nature of the enemy, the United Nations, and other matters of interest. The purpose is to produce well-informed soldiers today, well-informed citizens tomorrow. Millions of American soldiers participate in these discussions weekly. Believing that COMMON GROUND readers will be deeply interested in the Army Talk for May 5, 1945, on Prejudice, we reprint it here.)

PRACTICALLY every one of us has prejudices. Some of us may shudder at the idea of eating frogs and other foods we've never tasted but which other people enjoy. Or we may be prejudiced against bow ties or purple shirts. But these are meaningless prejudices which don't hurt us. There are other prejudices, however, which affect our lives very much. A prejudice against a necktie because of its color is harmless—but a prejudice against a person because of his color, race, nationality, or religion can do plenty of damage.

A prejudice is an opinion or emotional feeling which isn't based on fact or on reason. It is an attitude in a closed mind. Prejudice has been used by the Germans and the Japanese to split nations wide open with hate and confusion. Recognizing how powerful is this weapon in the

Axis arsenal, ASF Manual M 5, issued October 1944, declares:

"Enemy attempts to cause confusion in the U. S. through the spread of racial doctrines have made it particularly necessary that there be frank and objective discussion of this subject during the present War. The doctrine of 'Aryan' superiority has become one of the dominant factors in the present world struggle. Hitler has made this doctrine the 'reason' for untold aggression and devastation.

"Likewise, on the other side of the world," the Manual continues, "the Japanese have been trying to demonstrate their inherent superiority. . . ."

The magic of race prejudice, the Japanese discovered, had performed miracles in Europe. It had enabled the Nazis to get away with murder. If Hitler could seize Germany and disrupt Europe with the help of race hate, the Japanese saw no reason why they couldn't do the same thing in Asia.

About a week after Pearl Harbor, the Japanese were broadcasting: "How can America be fighting for racial equality when it does not exist in America?" During the 1943 race riots in Detroit, the Japanese propagandists had a field day broadcasting the news to hundreds of millions of non-whites in Asia and throughout the world.

Japan's "championing" of the Negroes in the United States has only one purpose—to divide us. Negroes, forming as they do about one-tenth of the American population, are an important minority, and

Hitler has shown how minority problems can be exploited to the advantage of fascism.

"The man who spreads rumors," ASF Manual M 5 declares, "particularly race rumors, about any group—racial, religious, or national is doing Hitler's or Tojo's work. The Nazis assumed that in this country they would find antagonistic groups who would spend their time fighting each other instead of the German armies. Goebbels said to one of his confidants: 'Nothing will be easier than to produce a bloody revolution in America. No other country has so many social and racial tensions. We shall be able to play on many strings there.'"

Any American who "plays on these strings" by spreading prejudices against minorities—Catholics, Jews, Negroes, foreign-born, and others—is, whether he knows it or not, playing the Axis game.

# 1. How do we get our prejudices?

All of us inherit certain characteristics such as the color of our skin and the shape of our head. But we do not inherit our prejudices. When we are born we have only the capacity to develop love and hate and the other human emotions.

Whom we learn to like or dislike, love or hate, depends on our experiences—in our home, in our school, in our neighborhood—and the effect these experiences have upon us. The language we learn, our religion, ideas, feelings, and attitudes, our manners and prejudices—all these come from our environment.

As children, we imitate not only activities of those around us, especially our parents, but also feelings, attitudes, and opinions. Prejudices, too, are absorbed unconsciously from our parents and other people in our environment.

By the time we have grown up we already have "pictures in our mind" of many people with whom we've had little

or no contact. We may have a stereotyped picture of Negroes as lazy, stupid, happy-go-lucky; of Jews or Scots as stingy and money-mad; of Irishmen as hot-tempered, brawling, whiskey-loving. These stereotypes are being constantly reinforced through newspapers, movies, conversations and jokes, books and radio. A single story, comic strip, or movie may not make too deep an impression. However, when time after time the Negro is presented as a crap-shooting, shiftless character; the Latin as a gangster or racketeer; the Oriental as a slinking, mysterious, and crafty person—then deep and lasting impressions are made which go to form attitudes and prejudices.

There is another way that we get false ideas about whole groups of people. As youngsters we may have played games with boys in the neighborhood, and one of them, perhaps a Pole or an Italian, may have cheated. We then conclude that all Poles or all Italians cheat, and we carry this idea with us all through life. We conclude that because one member of a group acted in a certain way, all members of that racial, religious, or national group will act the same way. We usually make these false generalizations about any group but our own. If we're Protestant and a member of our group lies, we don't condemn all Protestants. If we're Catholic and one of our members steals, we don't say all Catholics are thieves. If we're Jewish and one of our group commits a crime, we don't say all Jews are criminals.

It is only natural and human to be curious about things or people about whom we know very little. Curiosity is wholesome, and when it leads a man to investigate honestly the thing that arouses his curiosity, he often finds something new and interesting. However, when he does not make the effort to look honestly into the thing that first called forth curiosity—when, instead, he lets the matter

dwell and go unanswered—he closes his mind to healthy thinking, and trouble begins: curiosity gives way to suspicion—suspicion quickly converts itself to fear—and fear grows into hate! One fears the thing he suspects, and hates that which makes him afraid. This fear of the strange and unfamiliar is called by a high-sounding name—Xenophobia. Primitive tribes usually feared and therefore hated a neighboring tribe because they didn't know them. Unenlightened people today have that same fear and suspicion of the unknown. Only when we've lived and worked with people of different races, cultures, and backgrounds, and *learned to know them*, can we really overcome these primitive fears.

Prejudices develop, too, from a feeling of insecurity or frustration. We may feel uncertain about our ability or prestige. We may feel insecure in our job or our social position. To strengthen our own confidence and feeling of self-importance, we often search for someone to look down upon as “inferior” or some group to blame for our failure and misfortune. That is why there is more prejudice in times of social stress and economic depression. Depression brings insecurity—and insecure people begin looking around for someone or some group on whom they can pin the blame.

Prejudices are often deliberately exploited by some people to further their own purposes. The Germans used the “hate” technique to divide opposition, to confuse the real issues, to blame national or international ills on innocent scapegoats, and to gain a following by a common hate. “Hate the Jews!” they yelled. “Hate the Poles!” “Hate the Russians!” “Hate the Negroes!” “Hate the Catholics!” Hate them for their color—their religion—their politics—their nationality. Hate them for any reason—or for no rea-

son—but hate them. For hate meant power—to the Nazis!

## 2. *What do we mean by a minority?*

The dictionary defines a minority as less than half. But that doesn't quite explain the kind of minorities to which you and I and everyone in America belongs. If you're a Catholic, you're part of a minority, because Catholics don't number more than half of the people in this country. If you're a Negro, a foreign-born, a Jew, you're a member of a minority.

Now, if you're a Protestant, you're a member of a majority group in America—but Protestants include Baptists, Methodists, Episcopalians, Presbyterians; and scores of other minorities. And while a Protestant may be part of a majority group in one locality in the United States, he may be in a numerical minority in another locality.

America, like the rest of the world, is made up of minorities—religious, racial, and national. Let us remember that a minority group, like the Poles or the Negroes in America, may be a majority group elsewhere (say in Poland or Africa), and that a majority group today may become a minority group tomorrow—or vice versa.

In ancient days many people believed that their guilt and sins could be transferred to some other person, animal, or object. During rituals performed by a leader of the tribe, a goat was often chosen by lot and the sins of the tribe passed on to the animal. The goat was then driven into the wilderness or destroyed.

Today, when people blame their troubles or woes on innocent people, we call this unjust persecution “scapegoating.”

## 3. *Have all minority groups been “scapegoated?”*

At one time or another, every minority group has been used as a scapegoat and



## PREJUDICE!—ROADBLOCK TO PROGRESS

has suffered from prejudice and persecution. If we go back deep into history, we find powerful leaders who covered up their own selfish motives by inciting people's emotions against "troublemaking" minorities. In the days of the Romans, Christians were blamed for all the troubles of the Roman Empire—including the burning of Rome—and for years they were persecuted.

Christians, in turn, have persecuted Jews. During the "Black Death" in the Middle Ages, when bubonic plague killed off one-fourth of Europe's population, responsibility was laid to the Jews who were tortured and oppressed, even though Jews were dying off as rapidly as Christians. In Spain, monarchists rode to power against the Jews. The autocratic empire of the Czars blamed the Jews for the abuses of the Russian feudal regime and massacred thousands of them.

In the 18th century, a large colony of French Huguenots lived in England. They were accused of being dirty, of reducing the standard of living, of depriving Englishmen of their jobs, and of reducing their wages. A flood of pamphlets issued against these Huguenots was reprinted a hundred years later with the word "Jew" substituted for "Huguenot."

In Hitler's Germany the Nazis began by persecuting the Jews, but eventually they turned upon Catholics, Protestants, Czechs, Poles—and the entire world.

### 4. *How about America? Has our own history been free of scapegoating?*

America, too, has its shameful pages of persecution of minorities. Many of our early settlers who came here to escape religious prejudices and persecution denied religious freedom to others. Massachusetts expelled dissenters like Roger Williams, while in Salem hysterical witch hunts were pursued. In one colony or another, Catholics, Quakers, Jews, Lutherans, Mo-

ravians, Presbyterians, Baptists, deists, atheists, were deprived of political and religious rights.

In the 19th century, earlier immigrant groups began to discriminate against the "newer" immigrants. Feeling ran high against the "invasion" of the Irish who arrived in large numbers after Ireland's potato famine of 1846. Riots broke out against them in Philadelphia, Boston, and New York. They were accused of introducing slums, crime, and of depriving Americans of jobs.

In 1850, the "Know Nothing" Party was formed to fight the Irish and Catholic immigrants, and the party remained a political force until the Civil War. They and their prejudiced successors yelled about "the flood of immigration sweeping its millions of foreign Roman Catholics over the land."

Eventually, most of this discrimination was turned against later immigrant groups—the Poles, Italians, Slavs, Jews, and Russians. When immigration was restricted to annual quotas for each nationality after World War I, preference was given to earlier immigrant groups. (Quotas were based on the census of 1910, then of 1890, then on the national origin of the white population of 1920.)

What many seem to forget is that we are all immigrants or the children of immigrants. No one has a right to complain about "foreigners" unless it be the American Indian. "Americanism," said our late President Roosevelt, "is not and never was a matter of race and ancestry. Americanism is a matter of the mind and heart."

### 5. *Are there any signs that prejudices and discrimination are decreasing in America?*

While the democratic ideals expressed by the Founding Fathers, the Declaration of Independence, and the Constitution

have not always been practiced, nevertheless, the liberties and freedoms which we share and which bind this nation together, are one of the glorious chapters in human history. We have gone further in the direction of equality of opportunities than have the people of most other countries, and we are continuing our progress in that direction. Through the years there has been a sustained effort to abolish discriminations and prejudices which deny a person his fundamental rights as a citizen in a democracy. Discriminations and prejudices are not products of—but rather challenges to—the American way of life. And each of us has a personal responsibility to see to it that the American way of life prevails.

From the time of Lincoln's Emancipation Proclamation to the present time, laws have been passed to carry forward the democratic principle "that all men are created equal."

When the Negroes were freed, 90 per cent of them could neither read nor write. In 1940, according to the Federal Census, 18 of every 20 Negroes could read and write. Many states have already moved far toward equalization of educational opportunity for Negroes and whites. In a 25-year period, the registration of Negro college students showed an increase of 2,400 per cent.

A great advance was made in June 1941 when President Roosevelt issued Executive Order 8802 and declared: "It is the policy of the United States to encourage full participation in the national defense program by all citizens of the United States regardless of race, creed, color, or national origin." The order requires that in all war contracts there is no discrimination "because of race, creed, or national origin" and sets up the Fair Employment Practice Committee to enforce this provision.

At the same time, many Americans are

beginning to realize that racial and religious prejudices menace our war effort and our hopes for world peace. More and more Americans are becoming convinced that every person, regardless of his race, religion, or national origin, should be judged on the basis of his own merit. They are beginning to see that much straight thinking is needed on the problems of minorities and that the solution of these problems has a great deal to do with the welfare of our nation as well as our own and our children's welfare. Many are learning that democracy cannot work for some unless it works for all.

#### 6. *Why is religious and racial prejudice a threat to all of us?*

A. PREJUDICE IS CONTAGIOUS. History has taught us that when we discriminate against one segment of the people, we set a pattern that may be used against other groups. Hitler's persecution of the Jews, trade unionists, communists, and socialists was later directed against Catholics, Protestants, liberals and eventually the people of the world.

In 1855 Abraham Lincoln understood this when he said: "As a nation we began by declaring all men are created equal. We now read it 'All men are created equal except Negroes.' When the Know Nothings get control it will read 'All men are created equal except Negroes, and foreigners, and Catholics'."

Consideration for the Negro, the Jew, the Catholic, the foreign born, or for any other minority group, rests not merely on the grounds of humanity and justice; it rests on the solid base of self-interest.

B. PREJUDICE MAKES ALL OF US POORER. We can't have an enlightened democracy with minority groups living in ignorance. We can't have a prosperous democracy with minority groups so poor that they can't afford to buy the goods America produces.

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If a minority is kept at a low wage scale in the same field or area in which we work, eventually our own wages will be reduced because of a smaller demand for consumer goods and the competition of cheap labor. Conversely, a higher standard of living for any group increases the demands for consumer goods and makes for a more prosperous country. Aside from the fact that it is Christian and democratic, it is also to our own selfish interest to help secure better housing, clothing, and nutrition for ALL our people.

As Eric A. Johnston, president of the U. S. Chamber of Commerce, recently declared: "Whenever we erect barriers on the grounds of race or religion, or of occupational or professional status, we hamper the fullest expansion of our economic security. Prejudice doesn't pay. Discrimination is destructive."

**C. PREJUDICE ROBS US OF MINORITY TALENTS.** Prejudice often prevents minority groups from developing their abilities and skills. It limits their achievements and deprives the nation of their genius. We are all poorer in America today because discrimination prevents members of some minorities from rising to their greatest possible achievements, thus lessening their potential contributions to the general wealth and welfare of America.

**D. PREJUDICE BLINDS US TO REAL SITUATION.** Prejudice makes impossible any real solution of economic, social, or personal difficulties. When we blame war or social and economic troubles on some innocent minority group, we are diverting our attention from the real causes. By blaming and hating some scapegoat for our misfortunes, we intensify rather than remove the difficulties. Social ills can only be remedied by all members of society accepting their share of responsibility and co-operating through democratic means to solve their common problems.

**E. PREJUDICE ENDANGERS VICTORY.** Prejudice means disunity, and disunity plays into the hands of the enemies of democracy. National unity is just as essential to victory as battleships and flying fortresses. America can't give its maximum to the war effort unless we conquer the disrupting effects of prejudice on the fighting front and the production front.

The War Department (in ASF Manual M 5) recognizes that "discrimination on the basis of race or color . . ." is "fatal to military efficiency." And War Department pamphlet 20-3 states: "To contribute by act or word toward the increase of misunderstanding, suspicion and tension between peoples of different racial or national origin in this country or among our Allies is to help the enemy!"

The Detroit race riot of June 1943 and the Philadelphia transport strike of August 1944 offer two isolated but dramatic instances of the disruptive effects of discrimination on the production front.

The walk-out of 6,000 employees of the Philadelphia Transportation Company, precipitated by the assignment of eight Negroes to jobs as street-car operators, paralyzed the city's vast transportation system. The six-day traffic tie-up kept thousands of war workers from their jobs, and four million man hours of vital war production were lost.

The two-day Detroit race riot cut war production 15 to 50 per cent in some plants, and absenteeism ranged from 20 to 90 per cent. A million hours of labor were lost.

**F. PREJUDICE ENDANGERS WORLD PEACE.** Even more disastrous is the effect which news of race riots and discrimination against minorities has upon the morale of our fighting men abroad, and on the millions of people throughout the world, white and colored, whose loyalty and help are so vital to the allied cause.

## COMMON GROUND

It has been powerful ammunition for the propagandists of the Axis in Europe, Africa, the Near East, and particularly the Far East.

Three-fourths of the people of the world are what we call "colored." These people naturally look to the treatment of our American Negroes to see what we really mean when we speak of democracy. Racial and religious prejudice alienates the confidence of the vast non-white populations as well as other peoples, thwarts their hopes and our hopes of peace and freedom, and ultimately creates the conditions from which future global wars can develop.

How we treat minorities is, therefore, more than a matter of mere domestic concern. Almost 13 million people in the U. S. were born in Europe, and 27 million have parents born in Europe. The mistreatment of some Mexicans in the U. S. echoes throughout North and South America; a race riot provokes discussions and resentments in Africa, the Philippines, and among the 800 million non-white people in China and India.

Throughout the world there are millions of people convinced that this is a total war against fascism and fascist ideas. Their concept of peace includes the hope—even the determination—that when this War is won, there will be no such thing

as "superior" and "inferior" peoples anywhere in the world.

The story of America is proof that there are no "superior" or "inferior" people. Our country has been made great by people who came from every land under the sun—people with names like Carnegie, Sikorsky, Toscanini, Einstein, Osler—and thousands more. But it isn't only the big names, the Hall of Fame names, who have made America—any more than it is only the big names who are winning the War. We know that the biggest part of this War is being fought and won by the little names, by the millions of Joe Doakes who may never make tomorrow's headlines.

The men who built and are building America—who clear her forests, span her rivers, dig her coal, plough her fields, work her machines—the men who made America strong and free—and are fighting and dying to preserve that freedom on battlefields all over the world—are men of every race, color, religion, and nationality. Listen to their names at roll call. Read their names in casualty lists—like these from the New York Times of 29 March 1945:

Agostinello . . . Cohen . . . Curran  
. . . Grunwald . . . Hrubec . . . Ivanoski  
. . . Kuzian . . . Marshall . . . Thomas . . .  
Warblanski . . .

Were any of these "inferior?"

# CATHAY IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

CAREY McWILLIAMS

A LAND of rapid social change, the human scene has shifted frequently and with astonishing swiftness in Southern California. Today, for instance, one can travel throughout the region, from Santa Barbara to San Diego, from San Jacinto to the sea, without detecting a vestige of Chinese influence. To be sure, there are a few Chinese in such cities as Santa Barbara and San Diego, a handful of Chinese families in some of the smaller towns, and a good-sized, although highly synthetic, Chinatown in Los Angeles. Most of the present-day Chinese of Southern California, however, are thoroughly Americanized: the second and third generation in the state. Yet not so many years ago, Chinese influence was widespread throughout this region, and Chinese immigrants, the dust of whose bones has long since been returned to China, played an exceedingly important part in its development.

According to local tradition, the first Chinese to arrive in Southern California was a servant brought to Los Angeles by Joseph Newmark in 1854. An older tradition has it that a Chinese was one of the original colony of settlers that founded the city in 1781. In any case, the census of 1850 listed two Chinese residents of the City of Los Angeles. By 1861 the colony in Los Angeles had increased to twenty-one men and eight women; by 1879 there were 236; by 1880, 1,170; by 1890, 4,424. From this peak figure, the Chinese in the County of Los Angeles declined to 3,209 in 1900, to 2,601 in

1910, to 2,591 in 1920; and then increased to 4,736 by 1940. Although there were scattered settlements of Chinese throughout Southern California in the '60s, they did not begin to assume importance, as a group, until around 1870. In the period between 1870 and 1900, every Southern California community of any size had a fairly large and flourishing Chinatown, located, in almost every case, near the former Sonoratown, or Mexican-town, of the community. Every ranch, it was said, had its Chinese cook; every town its Chinatown. Most of these immigrants had arrived in Southern California by way of San Francisco, after an initial experience as railroad workers on the Central Pacific construction gangs, and a season or two in the agricultural areas of Northern and Central California. In 1880 there were about 20,000 Chinese in Southern California, and at that time they constituted a sizable portion of the total population.

When they first came to Southern California, they were generally employed as cooks, servants, and house-boys, on the ranches and in the towns. When the tourist hotels began to appear in the '70s, Chinese were practically the only servants employed. Extraordinarily frugal and industrious, these cooks and house servants sent for friends and relatives and, in accordance with their custom, established Chinatowns in the areas in which they worked. It was not long before some of the cooks branched out as vegetable peddlers, or hucksters, pushing their carts

from house to house. The hucksters worked, of course, in close alliance with the cooks; and from this operating base they soon acquired a monopoly on the retail distribution of produce, much of which was raised by Chinese. In the towns, they operated all of the hand-laundries, remembered for their "chatter and odor" and the familiar sign "Wash'ng & Iron'ng" over the door. Later they began to establish small shops, curio stores, and restaurants; and to engage in general agricultural employment. By 1895 some 4,000 Chinese were producing and distributing nearly all the vegetables consumed in Los Angeles. When the Southern Pacific began to construct a line into Southern California in the '70s, local annals report that gangs of Chinese workmen performed most of the hard manual labor and that, in the construction of the 7,000-foot San Fernando tunnel, they sustained "heavy losses" from accidents and injuries. These first-generation immigrant Chinese formed a picturesque, and conspicuous, element in the population of Southern California, around the ranch houses, in the orchards, bicycling between fields in their strange Cantonese hats with their queues flying in the breeze.

In most cases, the Chinatowns had developed around the adobe huts of Sonoratown. The early Chinatown of Santa Barbara was described by Stewart Edward White as "a collection of battered old frame and adobe buildings that mysteriously had been lifted sheer from squalor to splendid romance by no other means than red paper, varnished ducks, rattan baskets, calico partitions, exotic smells and a brooding, spiritual atmosphere of the Orient." In San Diego, Charles Keeler in 1899 reported that the Chinese had moved in and taken over the old adobes around the Plaza, covering the windows with flaming red posters, and

converting one large adobe into a Joss House.

The invariable butt of a thousand bad jokes, the Chinese were heckled and harassed by old and young. By common consensus, youngsters were given free license to stone the Chinese, upset their vegetable carts and laundry wagons, and pull their queues for good measure. "American boys," wrote Ludwig Louis Salvator, "frequently hold up to scorn and ridicule these younger sons of China." With the streets echoing to the hoodlum cry "Run, run, Chinaman," it is not surprising that the Chinese should have attempted to barricade themselves in the Chinatowns, about which, over the years, a great folklore developed. "After preparing the rolls and dessert for the family dinner," wrote Widney, for example, "the Chinese servant spends his nights gambling in the dirty hovels of Chinatown," where, "the sickening odor of their opium pipes pervades the little rooms in which they congregate." All Chinese were supposed to be active participants in the white slave traffic. One excited commentator reported the existence in Los Angeles of "a hundred vile opium dens, where Chinese, white prostitutes and fast young men spend night and day smoking opium." The Chinese restaurants of the time were seldom patronized by Americans, who were horrified by reports that the Chinese liked abalone, ate squirrels, and roasted chickens alive to remove the feathers. At one time, an ordinance was passed in Los Angeles forbidding Chinese laundrymen "to sprinkle clothes by 'squirting' water from their mouths." Despite the legend of their universal addiction to opium and prostitutes, however, Chinese merchants were widely respected in commercial circles and their credit rating was uniformly high.

Among the great cultural contributions



of the Chinese in Southern California was their development of the fishing industry. For, with the exception of the Indians, they were the first fishermen in the state. During the period from 1860 to 1880, Chinese fishing villages dotted the coast from Monterey to San Diego. Large Chinese fishing junks could be seen in the waters off the Southern California coast, "with the Chinese chattering and grabbing at the fish as they bounce and dance on the deck." The appearance of such a strangely rigged Chinese fishing junk in the waters off San Pedro occasioned much excited comment in Los Angeles in 1871. Visiting Southern California in 1898, Ratcliffe Hicks reported that "Chinamen have large villages, some of them more like small cities, along the shore, whose inhabitants are wholly engaged in catching, drying, and shipping fish to China. They are sure to put in an immense amount of salt, as salt in China is monopolized by the government to raise a revenue, and millions of Chinamen are never able to get any salt, strange as it may seem, on account of the expense." In the 1890s, the Chinese had a village on the San Diego waterfront known as "Stingaree Town,"—"their fishermen's shanties standing on stilts out over the water, backed by irregular streets of the Chinese quarter, where John chatters with his neighbor or gravely smokes his pipe while watching the group of children, with almond eyes and dangling queues of silk, playing in the doorway." As late as 1910, there was a settlement of Chinese fishermen near the harbor on Santa Catalina Island, engaged in catching oil sharks for their livers—a Chinese delicacy—which were shipped to China. When these Chinese fishing villages were first established, there was no developed fishing industry in California; nor had any consideration been given to the possibility of such an industry. Undeniably, the Chi-

nese were the pioneers in the development of the immensely important fishing industry of present-day Southern California.

That the Chinese knew something about fishing and liked fish was, in fact, one of the principal indictments against them in early California. Their fondness for shell-fish was not only inexplicable: it was regarded as conclusive evidence that they were sub-human and had the tastes of animals. Strange as it may seem, it was the Chinese who taught Californians the superlative merits of the abalone. Beginning in the early '60s, the Chinese quickly developed a flourishing abalone industry, which involved a curious triangular traffic. Not only was abalone meat eaten by the resident Chinese, but it was salted for shipment to China. At the same time, the Chinese discovered that abalone shells were attractive and, after polishing, could be used for a wide variety of purposes. For a time, quite an extensive handicraft industry existed in Los Angeles based upon the polishing, tooling, and refashioning of abalone shells for ornamental uses. The Mexicans and the Indians, in particular, seemed to like the earrings and other types of jewelry made from these shells. Abalone shells were also exported in quantities. In 1866 shells valued at \$14,000 were exported from San Francisco, and a year later the consignments were valued at \$36,000. Still later, according to Charles Frederick Holder, the shells were sent to Austria, where "in the child-labor homes and factories of Vienna, they are made into a thousand peculiar things, and sent back to Catalina and other tourist resorts for sale." This traffic in shells between Southern California and Austria lasted for several decades and involved, in the aggregate, hundreds of thousands of dollars.

By 1870 the Chinese in California were exporting \$1,000,000 worth of abalone

annually, and a decade later their annual shipments of dried shrimp to China were valued at \$3,000,000. The existence of such a thriving industry in the hands of the Chinese, could not, of course, be tolerated. Envious Occidental eyes began to be focused on this lucrative trade. The campaign to oust the Chinese from the fishing industry began in 1860 with a measure imposing a special tax against them. In 1864 a measure "regulating the size of small-mesh shrimp nets" was enacted which also was directly aimed at the Chinese. Despite these and other discriminatory measures, the Chinese fishermen continued to operate for years, for the most part, however, clandestinely, as smugglers on the seas. After 1890 they began to be driven from the industry, first by Italians, and, later, by Portuguese, Japanese, and Yugoslavs. In particular, the Japanese began to muscle in on the abalone industry. In 1890 a Japanese fishing village located two miles north of Point Fermin, which had been formerly a Chinese fishing village, collected and sold 60,000 pounds of abalone and 30,000 pounds of abalone shells. As late as 1910, however, Holder reported that Chinese abalone hunters were to be found on San Clemente Island, diving for black pearls and abalone shells.

Nor was fishing the only field in which these early Chinese immigrants contributed to the rapid growth and development of Southern California. In 1891 an American conceived the idea of growing celery in the marshlands of Orange County which, at the time, were occupied by a group of derelicts known in the local annals as "tule-rooters and swamp angels." The American soon discovered, however, that he did not possess the requisite "know-how" of celery raising. His first attempts being entirely unsuccessful, "he bethought himself of the Los Angeles

Chinese market gardeners," to quote from the local annals, who promptly agreed to assemble a crew of experienced celery-raisers. By 1892 thousands of acres in Southern California were devoted to celery culture, and the marshlands, which had jumped in value from \$15 to \$400 an acre, were producing 1,200 carloads of celery annually. Thus was a new, and badly needed, industry established in the region.

When the Chinese first appeared in the celery bogs, "clad in 'slickers' and rubber boots up to their hips, working steadily all day in the soft peat and stopping now and then to roll a cigarette," their presence was keenly resented by the local residents who were soon to profit so handsomely from the new industry established in their locality. According to the local annals, "white men worried and harassed the Celestials, both in season and out of season, carrying their unreasonable resentment to the point of burning the buildings erected by the Earl Fruit Company, carrying off implements used in the cultivation, and terrorizing the Chinese employed." Armed guards had to be posted at the four corners of the field where the original experiment in celery raising was conducted. Additional deputies were used to protect the camp of the Chinese. This picture of Chinese laborers being protected by armed guards while they established a million dollar industry in the region is one of the most graphic illustrations of the curious cultural development of Southern California. Seldom have benefactors been more grossly abused.

Chinese were also extensively used in connection with the development of the citrus industry in Southern California in the '70s and '80s. In 1870 the first group of forty families was brought to San Gabriel. Visiting Riverside in 1894,

Charles Stoddard was surprised to find hundreds of Chinese, "washing and brushing and sorting oranges, chattering and laughing as they worked under the direction of an American inspector." Special crews worked at night, "rapidly seizing and wrapping and placing oranges in prepared boxes, while other Chinamen, using a simple machine, press them down and nail on the covers, and stack them for packing in the refrigerator cars." But just as they were ousted from the fishing industry, so they were driven from the citrus groves. "White men and women who desire to earn a living," to quote from the Los Angeles Times of August 14, 1893, "have for some time been entering quiet protests against vineyardists and packers employing Chinese in preference to whites." And it was not long before the protests ceased to be quiet.

By September 1893, the Chinese were barricaded in the packing sheds, as, in the words of one grower, "hoodlums raided the fields and drove out the Celestials." At Redlands, in the heart of the citrus belt, night raiders broke into the Chinese camps. Chinese were robbed in the streets of Redlands, driven from their Chinatown, and unmercifully harassed. A mass meeting was called to protest further lawlessness. Soon the disturbances became so acute that the National Guard was summoned and two hundred special guards were deputized. The large growers denounced the rioters as "hoodlums" and "anarchistic agitators," and swore that the only reason they employed Chinese was because they could not "afford to pay the wages demanded by the whites." On September 3rd, anti-Chinese raiders converged on the Chinatown in Redlands, broke into the houses, set fire to several buildings, and looted the tills of Chinese merchants. By the turn of the century, virtually all the Chinese had been driven from the citrus belt.

From meager beginnings, the citrus industry of Southern California expanded phenomenally in the years from 1880 to 1890. By 1880, 1,250,000 citrus trees had been planted in the region. At the close of the decade, 12,667 acres were devoted to oranges alone in Southern California and the production from this acreage had an annual value of \$2,000,000. In the local histories, this amazing development is described as though it were merely another manifestation of Yankee ingenuity at work in the sunshine of Southern California. Actually, this development would never have taken place so rapidly, requiring, as it did, an enormous capital investment, had it not been for the presence of cheap and efficient Chinese labor. As one grower put it: "poor John spreads a dirty tent in some corner of the field near water, sleeps on the ground, works by star-light, and lives on rice of his own cooking." The rapid transition from field to orchard crops which took place during these years was certainly accelerated by the use of a labor supply that was cheap even by comparison with Negro slave labor in the South. "No capital outlay," writes Dr. Varden Fuller, "such as was needed to purchase slaves, was required. Likewise, the cost of maintaining the family unit necessary to the propagation and rearing of slaves was not involved. Chinese workers came as mature individuals, without dependents, who demanded no more in exchange for their services than a moderate cash wage. When his work was done, the Chinese moved, relieving his employer of any burden of responsibility for his welfare during the slack season. And he was always available again, on short notice, when needed."

It was not only in the fields, moreover, in which the Chinese were mistreated in Southern California. On October 24, 1871, one of the worst race riots in

American history took place in the City of Los Angeles. For on that day a mob of 1,000 Angelenos, armed with pistols, knives, and ropes, descended on Chinatown. "Trembling, moaning, wounded Chinese," reported the San Francisco Bulletin, "were hauled from their hiding places; ropes quickly encircled their necks; they were dragged to the nearest improvised gallows. A large wagon close by had four victims hanging from its sides . . . three others dangled from an awning . . . five more were taken to the gateway and lynched. . . . Looting every nook, corner, chest, trunk, and drawer in Chinatown, the mob even robbed the victims it executed . . . \$7,000 was extracted from a box in a Chinese store." Stealing \$40,000 in cash, the mob lynched nineteen Chinese. On the night of October 25th, the heroes of the raid paraded the streets of the town, displayed their booty, and were acclaimed by the mob. As a result of a subsequent grand jury investigation, 150 men were indicted for this murderous assault, but, of these, only six were sentenced and they were soon released. Still later, the American government had to pay a handsome indemnity for the losses sustained, in life and property, by the Chinese.

"Contemporary writers," wrote Horace Bell, "say that it was the underworld part of our population that took advantage of the situation to start indiscriminate killing and pillaging. But they do not state that the police force of the city furnished the leaders of the mob; that the Chief of Police of Los Angeles stationed his policemen and the deputies he had mustered in for the occasion, at all strategic points with orders to shoot to death any Chinese that might 'stick a head out or attempt to escape from the besieged buildings'; nor that one of the leading members of the City Council participated in the slaughter."

Many similar incidents, although of lesser gravity, are reported in the local annals. For example, on November 6, 1885, a mob set fire to a Chinese laundry in sedate Pasadena. For forty years incidents of this kind occurred throughout the region.

To appreciate the plight of the Chinese in Southern California in these years, it should be remembered that they were being constantly harassed by discriminatory legislation; that they were ineligible to citizenship; that further Chinese immigration had been barred in 1882; and that under the Geary Act they were subject to registration and possible deportation. A statute passed in California on April 16, 1850, excluded the testimony of Negroes and Indians in judicial proceedings, and in 1854 the Supreme Court of California interpreted this ban so as also to exclude the testimony of the Chinese. A law of March 16, 1863, removed Negroes from the ban; but it was retained against Chinese and Indians until 1872.

Despite these handicaps, however, a visitor to Southern California reported in 1898 that "John Chinaman is forging ahead rapidly in this country. The Chinese are doing the servant's work in hotels, boarding houses, private families, and on the farms they are leasing land, raising an immense quantity of vegetables, and have a monopoly on the huckster business. It makes a New England man squirm to see them in lines at the banks, depositing money and handling gold in quantities as easily and intelligently as if they were Wall Street brokers. . . . They are a great feature of the life here. Their New Year commences about a week later than ours, and the devout ones do not work for a week. It is amusing to listen to the firecrackers they are continually sending off out of their fields during that week to drive off evil spirits, and bring good crops, and to notice the little sticks

burning just outside their houses and near the front door for similar purposes."

Early residents of Los Angeles still recall the three joss houses of Chinatown and the theater with a large troupe of players "including a lady star." They remember the weird music; the feasts and fortune-tellers; and the funerals where the corpse was rushed at break-neck speed to the cemetery, followed by "a spring wagon load of food," while loyal friends scattered bits of paper "to distract attention of the devil in his pursuit of the newly dead." They remember the shawls and silk handkerchiefs; the beautiful embroidery; the queer hanging baskets of flowers and fruit fashioned from feathers, silk, and tinsel; the lacquer boxes; and the ginger candies and lichee nuts.

With the turn of the century, the Chinese began to be gradually displaced by the Japanese and, later, by Mexican immigrants. As the older generation died off, Negroes and Mexicans began to replace them as domestics. As late as 1903, there were still some 400 Chinese hucksters in Los Angeles; but they had made the mistake of renting, not purchasing, the lands on which their produce was raised. When the Japanese arrived, they began to purchase this acreage and, in a year or so, the Chinese had been pushed out of the industry. Increasingly the Chinese tended to concentrate in the large Los Angeles Chinatown, where many of them prospered as merchants. Today most of the Chinatowns of Southern California have passed from the scene and the new Los Angeles Chinatown is merely Main Street in transparent disguise.

Sun Yat Sen's Chinese Revolution was really organized in the old Los Angeles Chinatown. The story, as told by Carl Glick in *Double Ten*, is this: returning from China with a commission as Lieutenant-General in the Chinese Imperial

Reform Army, Homer Lea, who had been graduated from Los Angeles High School, formed the Western Military Academy to train and drill officers for the future revolutionary army of China. By 1903, Lea and his assistants had units of a hundred or more young Chinese drilling in Los Angeles, San Francisco, Sacramento, and Fresno. When visiting Chinese dignitaries came to Los Angeles, Lea's smartly uniformed, well-drilled, Chinese cadets, shorn of their queues, would be lined up at attention to greet them at the station and to escort them to their hotel. For months Lea trained these troops under the eyes of the authorities. They went on field trips to the Malibu Mountains, held their maneuvers in the hills of Hollywood, and engaged in rifle practice at Laguna Beach. Over two thousand troops, trained in this manner, were gradually smuggled out of the country with the aid of the resident Chinese and sent to China. Smuggled into this country on a potato boat, Dr. Sun Yat Sen was honored with a banquet in the Los Angeles Chinatown on September 30, 1905. On a later visit to California, Dr. Sun visited Homer Lea at his home and in his "headquarters" at the Lankershim Hotel in Los Angeles. When the October 1911 revolution broke out, Lea joined Dr. Sun in England and returned with him to China. Lea died in Los Angeles, in May 1912, shortly after his return from China. This little cripple, whose book *The Valor of Ignorance* (1908) so shrewdly predicted the course of the present war in the Far East, was long a familiar figure, in his handsome Chinese uniform, in the streets and hotel lobbies of Los Angeles. Long regarded as a poseur and fraud, it was not until Ansel O'Banion dictated his memoirs to Mr. Glick in 1945 that Los Angeles learned of the important role Lea and the resident Chinese had played in the Chinese Revolution.

## COMMON GROUND

With the appearance of the second generation, the Chinese of Southern California lost most of their distinguishing cultural traits and people forgot all about the "vile opium dens" of Chinatown. Although the contributions of the Chinese to the culture and development of the region have been enormously important, there is today no visible reminder of their influence. There is not a single Chinese place-name in Southern California. With the exception of the garish and synthetic Chinatown of Los Angeles, there is no evidence whatever that large numbers of Chinese once lived in the region. In July 1937, 850 graves in the Chinese cemetery in Los Angeles were opened, the siftings of dust and bones piously disinterred, neatly packed in small containers, and shipped to Hong Kong. This represented the final shipment of first-generation Chinese bones back to China. An impressionable reporter noted that "the sun

shone brightly on the dark-skinned workers, protected by gas masks, as they swung industrious picks and scooped up quantities of black earth. A golden butterfly drifted lazily into the shadow of the pepper trees and a radio across the street grated a swing tune." The removal of the bones of the Chinese dead from the soil of Southern California aptly symbolizes the thoroughness with which the evidences of their influence have been obliterated in the region.

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Author of *Factories in the Field, Brothers Under the Skin, and Prejudice: Japanese Americans*, Carey McWilliams is completing a book to be called *Island on the Land. Dealing with Southern California*, it will be one of the *American Folkways* series, published by Duell, Sloan and Pearce and edited by Erskine Caldwell. "Cathay in Southern California" will be one chapter in the volume.

## COME

ETHEL WILMER

Come,  
Come with me  
And see the dead.

Come and vomit  
Over the bodies  
Where the maggots feast  
And the dead eyes  
Soberly study  
The gourmet flies.

Here—  
Tell me,  
With the war in the distance now—  
Are all the dead men white?

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Ethel Wilmer is a young New York City writer.



# JON

## JADE SNOW WONG

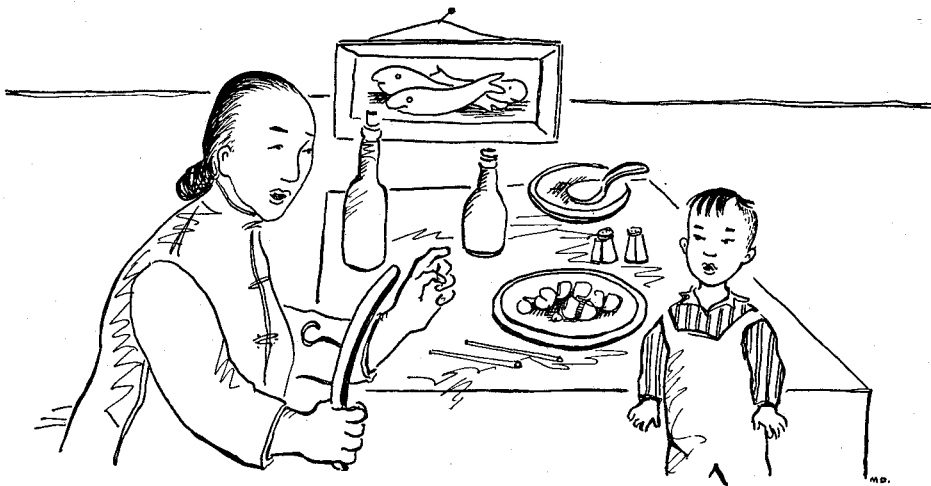
JON, before you slide off from my bed, I must put on your shoes first."

Instantly, two straight brows above large eyes lifted very slightly as my two-year-old brother corrected me gravely. "No, first you must seek the kingdom of God!"

Jon, who talked at eight months, has since perpetually surprised the seven senior members of the Wong household with his candid observations and unique judgment. His natural wit and sensitivity have been developed by experiences with these seven who constitute his world of people, experiences ranging from the religious

brand of discipline, but he is also free to seek anyone's special comfort. And though he is very Chinese (Né Prosperity from Heaven, with Oriental features and shiny black hair, brown eyes, and skin, he freely quotes Chinese poetry), he is also very American (Dressed in striped jersey shirt and corduroy rompers, he jitterbugs to the tune of "Pistol Packin' Mama").

Mother is, of course, his most constant companion, since she performs the normal services of washing, dressing, and feeding him. Moreover, her discipline is as unrelaxed as her education is intelligent when she and Jon remain home all day. Several



teachings of sixty-eight-year-old Daddy to the jazz recordings played by sixteen-year-old brother Paul. For being the youngest in a family of adults has made him everybody's child. He must take everybody's

spankings with her favorite instrument, the clothes hanger, have taught him when Mother means business. Therefore he may with temporary grandeur start pushing the contents from a table onto the floor and

counter her objection with "But Jon baby must sweep," but the sight of a clothes hanger instantly arrests him. Knowing that Mother is one person who will tolerate no nonsense, Jon is still experimenting to get around the clothes hanger. The other evening he pleaded, "I have wet my pants just like a baby, but please don't strike me." Or, when he turned off all the burners while Mother thought dinner was cooking, he substituted a wide and foolish grin for the wistful-appeal technique, with the remark, "Jon baby is being crazy-crazy." And, as he expects, Mother smiles at his disguised anxiety and does not hunt for the clothes hanger.

Jon is sometimes in a mood for disregarding all consequences, however. "Go ahead and throw me in the garbage can," he says with grand abandon. "Open the window and let the policeman climb in. Beat me until I bleed and my bones crack." By this method, he converts Mother from a scolding-and-spanking approach to one of persuasion and promises.

From Mother, Jon has received most of his Chinese education. He speaks Chinese only, with adult idiomatic expressions and native colloquialisms, and his interest level is so wholly adjusted to adult activities that he regards as curiosities other Chinese children he occasionally meets. His speech has a meager sprinkling of American interjections learned from brothers and sisters. "Damn," "O.K.," and "Let's go" were for a long time his entire English vocabulary, any or all of which he would use when he thought necessary and proper. We have in haste taught him additional words becoming to a two-year-old, like "Hi," "Thank you," "cold," as well as some animal names—"doggie," "kitty," etc. However, "Don't fence me in" (quoted in moments of exasperation) and "Shoo-shoo baby" (his brand of good-bye) must be attributed to radio effectiveness.

Mother has patiently taught him a

complete repertoire of Chinese children's rhymes, from four to fifty lines long. These were part of the folklore handed down from generation to generation by word of mouth in her native Cantonese village. When Jon sees the moon, he chants the song: "Moon bright-bright; shine upon the pond. This New Year's Eve I can pick some leaves. . . ." Or, when he sees a sparrow: "The little sparrow stole oil to apply. With her hair made shiny she returns to her mother's family. There was no place to sit, so she sat upon a branch. But she fell down and rolled upon the sand." These, and dozens of other little ditties, he loves to sing-song or quote in part.

But Jon instantly leaves Mother when any other member of the family comes home. Daddy he adores, and clings to him. Daddy spends most of his time at his overall factory, but he comes home with groceries regularly to stay a few minutes during the day. (Mother goes outdoors only once a month; Daddy has always done the shopping.) Daddy has consistently indulged Jon, as much because he is the youngest son, important in a Chinese family, as because of his charm, and partly because he scarcely ever sees him. When we chastise him for naughtiness—and Jon is unusually naughty when Daddy comes home—he says, "You should not be severe with him but should rejoice that he has an inquiring mind."

Only once has Daddy lost his patience with Jon. He had crawled under a sewing machine to repair a part. In an inquiring frame of mind, the young son, who happened to be visiting the factory, took away all of Daddy's tools to fix a machine himself. Daddy reached for his things, emitted an outraged cry, and roared from the machine's depths, "Bring back my tools; go away. Get out!" Jon did not move but quietly asked, "Daddy—do you still love me?" Daddy, slightly confused and com-

pletely softened, said, "Yes, I still love you. But bring back my tools!" Reassured, Jon breezily retorted in English, "O.K.," and scampered off to fetch them. Afterwards, Jon explained his stand to Mother. "But Daddy said, 'Get out!' as he would order a horse!"

However, Daddy's teaching usually centers around Biblical quotations and hymns. (Daddy was once a Methodist minister.) Their favorite song is "There Is a Land," the Chinese interpretation of "In the Sweet By and By." When Daddy calls home, Jon invariably picks up the telephone, reports to him all home catastrophes like burnt fingers and colds, then asks, "Sing 'There Is a Land' for me." When we ask Jon to sing a song, he is likely to plunge into this mournful hymn in Chinese: "There is a Land where someday I will achieve greater glory. With faith we can all reach the Land of higher aspirations. . . ." But he is also likely to roll out snatches from a more modern favorite: "Ac-centuate the positive; e-liminate the negative. . . ."

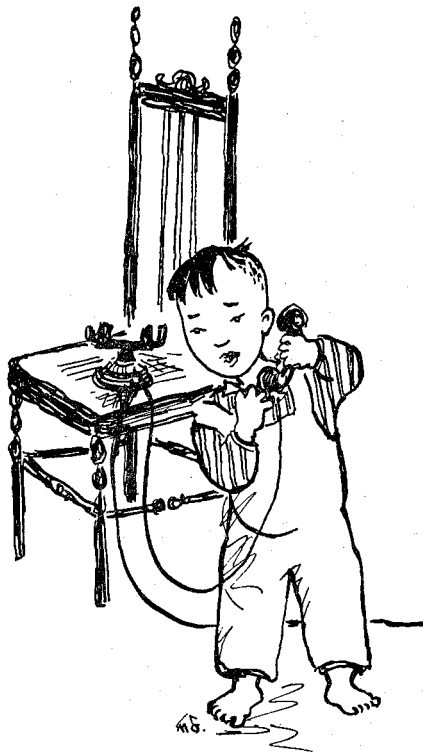
The junior Wongs at home line up this way: Eldest Brother Lincoln, who is thirty and his wife Ruthie. There is myself, twenty-three; Mary Corinne, twenty-one; and Paul, sixteen. Then Jon.

All day Jon waits for these junior members of the family to wake up, come home from work or school. His schedule is almost like that of a swing shift worker: he gets up at 8:30, plays alone all morning, sleeps all afternoon, then wakes up to play with the family until we all go to bed at 11.

Because Sister-in-Law works at a night club, she sleeps most of the day. Late in the afternoon she and Jon occasionally go for a walk. But, since she goes to work at 6, Baby really does not have much time with her. There are two services, however, which he associates with her alone. If you

inquire what Sister-in-Law does for him, he replies, "Take me to have my hair cut," and "Put cologne on me."

Lincoln owns the family car, and Jon's principal association with him is his black "toot-toot bye-bye." John's day really begins when Lincoln comes home at 4:45.



They go out in the toot-toot-bye-bye to the factory, where Jon visits Daddy, plays with his cats and puppy, writes his name on the blackboard, hears again "There Is a Land," chats with the women operators, watches the elevator work, then goes home again at 5:30 with Lincoln for dinner. The daily procedure is broken on Sunday, when they drive over to a little Italian pastry shop instead for Sunday's *pannetoni*. Sometimes on Sundays Lincoln takes him out for a dinner of his favorite dishes: mushrooms and Chinese

## COMMON GROUND

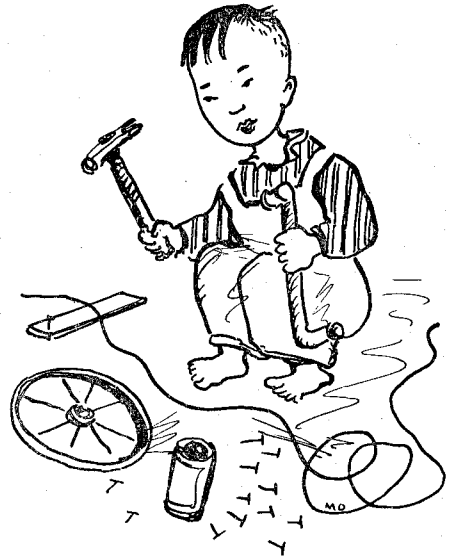
raviolas. So all of Jon's experiences with drives and eating out have been provided by Lincoln. That the car is much in his consciousness is illustrated by a current habit we are trying to correct. He wriggles his kiddie car around, looks exasperated, then lets out a series of "Damn it, damn it, DAMIT." To shocked inquiry, he replies matter-of-factly, "I can't find room to park my car."

Second to the car, Jon is fascinated by Lincoln's mechanical activities. If a drain becomes clogged or a light switch fails, the baby announces this to him the minute he gets home from work. Big Brother can fix anything, and Jon shadows him in the "fixings." Consequently we scarcely ever see Jon playing with standard baby toys but beloved are his hammer and an old tricycle wheel. When playing alone, Jon goes to work "soldering" the wheel's spokes, hammering nails into old boxes but always pulling them out again, or running around with an old piece of pipe to install. Sometimes his mechanical explorations are not so harmless. There was the time when he found some steel pins, some caught rainwater, stirred them up, and poured the mess into all the openings of our sewing machine. There was the time when he short-circuited several motors at the factory by throwing in some nails here and there, or when he threw a knife in the Bendix washer and a fountain pen into the Toastmaster. Of course he answered "Big Brother will fix it" when faced with the results of his own fixing.

Jon is a little perplexed about Paul, who, in his adolescence, has extremities in moods, expressed either by hugging or frightening Younger Brother to death. Paul will not indulge Jon even those nonsenses that are normally part of a child's charm. One roar from Brother Forgiveness (Paul's Chinese name is Forgiveness from Heaven) can subdue Jon more quickly than even the clothes hanger. Yet when

Paul is in a mood to play, the two have a short and rousing good time, tumbling around or playing Gidyap Horsey, in which case Jon perches on Paul's foot and hangs on firmly to the leg as Paul pumps it up and down.

As he associates Lincoln with his black sedan, so he associates Paul with his pin-ball machine. When Jon was almost a year old, a pin-ball machine was delivered to our house. It was Paul's current center of interest, so he purchased one. Jon watched Paul at it and soon wanted to operate the thing, too. Though he could barely stand and toddle at the time, it was not long before he could skilfully



maneuver all the essential moves alone: put a nickel in the slot, push it in, pull the plunger to bring up a ball, and let it go. He loves best to watch the ball hit the standards and hear the pings as the scoreboard lights up. To this end, he has learned to jolt the machine like Paul, sometimes producing a disconcerting "Tilt" which he cannot understand. Soon Jon was asking Mother and miscellaneous callers for "a money to play the horses."

Daddy discovered this practice, had a vague idea that pin-ball machines were next of kin to gambling, and immediately had Paul put up a large sign to read "For Amusement Only."

Mary, Jon loves for her hat and clothes brush. She has quite a collection of little black-lace-and-roses-with-veiling numbers which look adorable on top of his round little face, and he knows it. He is terribly vain about his beauty and loves to put on lipstick, hand lotion, Tabu perfume; then top them off with Mary's latest frou-frou to make himself irresistible. He also finds her long-handled, long-bristled tweed brush a favorite implement—handy to sweep the floor, walls, and all dusty surfaces. This drives Mary slightly mad when she uses it again on her black clothes.

When I come home, then Jon deserts everyone else, even Daddy, for "Honey." We adore each other and love to do things together. When Honey dusts, gardens, telephones, eats, Jon likewise fusses with another dustcloth, digs dirt, talks to my non-Chinese American friends in Chinese, dips food out of my dish. Or when Honey changes her clothes, takes a bath, writes a letter, invariably Jon is draped on the corner of the bed, bathtub, or desk. When Honey is home, he refuses to attend to normal functions like eating, washing, or going to bed, unless Honey does these things with him. Together we play London Bridge, sing "Ten Little Indian Boys" on his toes before he is tucked in, waltz to Beethoven's "Minuet in G," and make up Chinese songs about him to fit current popular tunes. Then the classic stories of "Little Black Sambo" and "The Three Little Bears" must be translated into Chinese for him.

We like to go calling on friends, too. Jon has been taken to the homes of friends of all the family members, and therefore numbers more acquaintances than any single one of us. Since most of

my friends are Caucasians, Jon is shy with these "foreigners" (after Mother's terminology). And, since he doesn't speak English, nor they Chinese, it is somewhat difficult to become acquainted. I remember Jon's appearance at our office party for children of employees during the last Christmas season. He hung onto me while the other children overran the place. Then, when another little boy about his age entered, I asked him what he thought of that cute little boy. He answered, "Does he have to wear diapers like me?" Although the Caucasian youngsters looked different from the persons of his experience, he dimly felt there must be certain fundamental likenesses common to both groups.

So, from all of us, Jon has acquired experiences in variety rather unusual for a small boy. He has been a perpetually laughing child. When reproved by one, he seeks comfort until he finds it from someone else who will tell him he is a remarkable person; if one is too busy, another will play with him.

Yet as much as he imitates our activities, and as often as his wishes must be submerged to the desires of seven older persons, Jon has a distinct personality and standards of his own. His likes and dislikes are strong, his humor delightful, his dignity unquestionable, and his candor refreshing. He likes soft pieces of fuzz, cherries, geese, wheels, fish eyes, colored advertisements, water, barrels, ice cubes, anything red, and women's legs. He hates shampoos, and fears wind noises, doctors, policemen, and elevators. When riding in the latter, he invariably clutches the legs of the nearest strange man. His interest in animals soon changes to persecution. The two helpless chicks we had last year, named by Mother in Chinese "Autumn Mist" and "Winter Is Coming," he daily threatened with a knife until one of their

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drumsticks was finally fried for him. He has a healthier respect for our newly acquired puppy, "Spring Orchid," but fiercely attacks the black cat "Forever Fragrant."

He is intense on two subjects: orderliness and making love. The sight of doors or drawers half open makes him extremely unhappy. Ever since he has been able to get around, he has banged doors and drawers shut after us. Because our family is large, we have carefully respected individual property rights, but Jon goes completely wild if we so much as touch anybody's things but our own. One reason may be that whenever we miss anything we blame it on Jon. He recognizes the owner of everything in the house and is agitated to tears if anyone other than the owner uses an item. If I use anything of Mother's, particularly, Jon will not stop screaming distress until spanked, in spite of Mother's reassurance that her permission has been given. Yes, Jon has been thoroughly indoctrinated with Daddy's and Mother's exact Confucian discipline—the Correct Order of Things.

His love making is another matter. Although we older children do not remember Mother's or Father's ever having kissed us or given us any physical demonstration of affection, Jon is kissed and hugged by us with the normal sort of mild affection you show a child. But his response is disconcertingly intense, for he throws both arms around our necks tightly and passionately rains kiss after kiss squarely upon our lips. Mary agrees that

Casanova and Don Juan couldn't have had anything on Jon. The Wong girls find it bewildering for a child age two to make them masterful love.

Jon has one complex: mice.

Only once was Jon surprised to see Mother's Chinese calm shatter completely upon the advance of a tiny mouse. Impressed, he has since constantly talked of mice. Knowing Mother's distaste for the animal, he takes a wicked delight in introducing the subject irrelevantly into conversation. "I am going to crawl into a mouse hole," he chatters. "I think I will have a mouse bite me." "I had a small fried mouse for dinner." "Buy me a red mouse weighing thirty pounds." (This is his own weight.)

When I offered to make him a set of dishes, he did not hesitate in his choice of a decorative motif. "I want a mouse jumping out of a barrel with cherries in his mouth." He got his wish. Now he eats from a plate decorated with a yellow barrel, an awkward black mouse poised to jump out, firmly dangling from his mouth a bunch of large red cherries.

When I started to write this paper, I asked Jon again, "What must you seek first?" With eyes dancing mischievously, he giggled. "Not God, but a mouse."

There you have Jon.

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*This is Jade Snow Wong's second appearance in COMMON GROUND. Her first, in the Winter 1945 issue, was a sketch of "Daddy."*

*The illustrations are by Miné Okubo.*



## RESTRICTIVE COVENANTS

G. ELEANOR KIMBLE

THE WAR manpower shortage has proved a godsend to racial minorities. Factories, shipyards, even airplane plants have opened their doors to them. Some doors are not wide open yet, but an FEPC could not have been created in a time of over supply of labor. It is ironical that now when Negroes and other colored people are financially able to buy comfortable homes or pay adequate rents, homes are not available for them. War workers of all races share the discomforts of housing shortages, but it is the minority peoples who suffer most, who are not allowed an equal chance to use what housing is available.

Since Pearl Harbor this nation has seen the greatest and most rapid shifting of population in its history, more significant even than the exodus from the dust bowl. War industries have mushroomed, attracting workers from rural areas to each new war metropolis, often a former small town now grown overnight into a bustling city. In the race for production, the United States Employment Service has done a magnificent job in sending applicants for work to areas where they are needed, but their work has been hindered by the lack of housing and it has been impossible to continue to send workers to areas where there is no place for them to live. To ease the situation the federal government has built tens of thousands of temporary structures, but not enough to solve the problem even temporarily, and in every crowded community the question of race has complicated the issue. With a

few bright exceptions, such as Marin City and Codornices Village on San Francisco Bay, which are truly interracial, even federal war housing projects are for whites or for Negroes or checkerboarded in restricted blocks. Federal loans to individuals who wish to build their own homes are allowed only to persons who plan to build in districts where the majority of residents are of the race of the borrower; that is, Negroes may build only in Negro neighborhoods.

For many years it has been customary for real estate promoters opening new residence tracts to place restrictions of various sorts in the deeds. For instance, it may be provided the district is to be exclusively for residential use, for two-story homes, for one-family dwellings, for residences costing not less than \$6,000, etc. A purchaser can be sure of not having a smelly glue factory or a noisy machine shop next door, or a tall apartment house cutting off the view across the way. Sometimes the property owners of an existing residence district join in an improvement association to place similar restrictions on their neighborhood, when they fear some encroachment which would make their homes less pleasant places to raise their families or which would depreciate the value of their property in case they might wish to sell. A more desirable method of attaining such ends is through city zoning ordinances which set aside certain parts of the community for residential use.

Negro districts, as such, are a northern, or at least a post Civil War, development.

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In the old South the slave quarters, especially for the house servants, were near the big house. In many of the older southern cities, such as New Orleans or Charleston, Negroes are still living in nearly every block, along the alleys or in shacks on side streets; it is convenient to have servants within calling distance at all hours. When some cities attempted by zoning ordinances to force all Negroes to move into districts where the majority of the occupants were colored, the courts ruled this unconstitutional (*Buchanan v. Warley*, 245 U.S. 60) as in conflict with the Fourteenth Amendment ("nor shall any state deprive any person of life, liberty, or property without due process of law or deny to any person within its jurisdiction the equal protection of the laws"). Later, unfortunately, the United States Supreme Court ruled that this amendment referred to states, not to individuals, so that restrictions placed in deeds or covenants by individual owners are considered valid (*Corrigan v. Buckley*, 271 U.S. 323). In numerous real estate subdivisions in all parts of the country, deeds contain some such clause as: "this property is never to be sold, leased, or rented to a Negro" or "is not to be occupied by colored persons" or "no non-white person is to live here." If the property is on the West Coast, the restriction is against "non-Caucasians" so as to bar Orientals as well as Negroes. The first covenant case to reach the Supreme Court in California, in 1892, was one regarding restrictions against occupancy by a "Chinaman"; because of reference to a particular nationality this was held invalid (*Gandolfo v. Hartmann*, 49 Fed. 181).

While the Courts have held that "never" was too extensive a term, violating legal concepts and statutes concerning perpetuity, they have decided that restrictions for such periods as thirty or fifty years are valid. Since it might be disad-

vantageous to property owners to restrict sales, and violate statutes regarding restraints on alienation, it has been held property can not be restricted as to sale, but only as to occupancy. (For example, see *L. A. Investment Co. v. Gary*, 181 Cal. 680 or *Porter v. Bennett*, 233 Mich. 373.) Negroes now can own property which they themselves can not occupy or rent to others of their race, although they have the privilege of paying taxes and may rent to white tenants.

While usually all the owners in a particular district, or the majority in a tract, unite in signing a covenant to restrict occupancy to white persons, and the covenant sometimes contains the provision that it is to be valid only if all, or eighty per cent, of the owners sign, it is generally considered possible for any individual owner of a home to restrict the occupancy of this property and thus tie the hands of all subsequent owners for a specified number of years. Ordinarily, covenants are recorded in the county clerk's or recorder's office, and a person wishing to buy the property would learn of the restriction when he had the title searched. However, some covenants are held by real estate associations, and a new purchaser might not even know such a restriction existed on his home until, at a later date, when it was to the interest of the real estate men to do so, it could be brought forth as a legal contract "following the land" even though not recorded. A new owner apparently has no way of voiding an existing covenant, regardless of his wish to rent to a member of a minority group. Now in California certain individuals who would gladly welcome returning Nisei into their homes find they may not do so because of covenants on their property.

It must not be forgotten that legal restrictions are implemented and exaggerated by real estate practice. The real estate

## RESTRICTIVE COVENANTS

dealer who sells property in a white district to a Negro or an Oriental may find himself no longer a member of the realty board; the prospective purchaser may find no bank will loan money to him; the dealer may find the bank cold to his inquiries about loans on unrelated cases. Such practices are usual regarding property which is bound by no legal restrictions. Real estate men contend it is unethical for them to be parties to "lowering the tone" of a neighborhood by helping minority peoples to settle there.

In any particular disputed case, the Courts in reaching a decision are bound by the Constitution, the statutes, and by previous court decisions, but, as Justice Cardozo so well pointed out in *The Growth of the Law*, our legal framework is not static. In the field of race relations the law just now is having growing pains, and now is the time when public policy demands not only new statutes in some cases, but, even more important, liberal interpretations of the laws and of the Constitution.

How ordinary common sense must sometimes rule was shown in one Los Angeles case (*Latteau v. Ellis*, 10 P 2d 496). In 1905 the owner of certain rather extensive property in that city signed a deed restriction against occupancy by non-Caucasians, and providing, furthermore, that if this was violated by a subsequent owner the property should revert to the original owner. Years later, in 1932, the heirs of the original owner tried to repossess part of the property which now was occupied by Negroes. In resisting the claim, the defendants proved that, whereas in 1905 no Negroes lived within several miles of the place, by 1932 most of the property within a five mile radius was occupied by Negroes; the largest hotel for Negroes in the West was in the immediate vicinity, as were also hundreds of stores and industrial establishments catering al-

most exclusively to Negroes; in fact, the property was in the center of what had become one of the largest and most prosperous Negro districts in the country. Obviously it had been to the interest of owners of other restricted property in that part of town to forget their restrictions. The California Supreme Court ruled the restriction in the particular case void.

A recent case, decided by the California Supreme Court in 1944, concerned a piece of property in Pasadena purchased to be occupied as a home by a Negro who was in ignorance of a covenant signed by a previous owner, and by owners of some adjoining property, reading in part as follows: "no person shall live upon said property at any time whose blood is not entirely that of the Caucasian race, but if persons not of the Caucasian race are kept thereon by such Caucasian occupant strictly in the capacity of servants or employees of such occupant, such circumstances shall not constitute a violation of this covenant." The Court first ruled the covenant valid (*Fairchild v. Raines*, 143 P 2d 528), but later reversed its decision because of evidence that a considerable proportion of the persons living in the district were Negroes and, in fact, Negroes occupied uncovenanted land immediately adjoining the property so that "enforcement of covenant would have no other result than to injure the defendant without benefiting the plaintiff" (151 P 2d 260).

Portions of the concurring opinion of Justice Trayner in this case are well worth quoting: "In the present case there is a public interest in the congestion of the limited residential districts for colored people. . . segregation . . . accomplished, not by ordinances, which would be unconstitutional, but by agreements between private persons, which the Courts have recognized as valid. The problem of race segregation cannot be served by the Courts

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alone, for it involves emotions and convictions too deeply imbedded in the racial outlook of men to be uprooted overnight by judicial pronouncements. Nevertheless the problem must be confronted step by step, however provisional its solution, with regard both for the interests of minority groups and the general public interest. It must be recognized that the steady migration of southern Negroes and the influx of Negroes into urban communities in response to the increasing demands of industry for labor, together with race segregation, have made it impossible for Negroes to find decent housing in large centers of population. . . . the war has accelerated the pace of this migration. . . . Negroes migrating into urban communities have found barriers at every turn. Segregation has kept the Negro occupied sections of cities throughout the country fatally unwholesome places, a menace to the health, morals and decency of cities, and 'plague spots for race exploitation, friction and riots' (Report of the President's Conference on Home Building and Ownership, pp. 45-46). . . . The choice lies between the continuation of such conditions and the expansion of urban Negro districts. Race restriction agreements, undertaking to do what the state cannot, must yield to the public interest in the sound development of the whole community. The Courts, as the agencies of the state confronted with the problem of enforcing racial zoning by private agreement, must consider all of the factors that affect public interest."

In the part of Berkeley where regularly employed Pullman Company employees, businessmen, and professional workers, whose children attend the University, have long lived in well-kept bungalows with flourishing flower gardens, where two-thirds of their neighbors are white, the recent influx of illiterate Negroes from the rural South, brought to the West Coast

to work in the shipyards, is proving as embarrassing an addition as the "Arkies" and "Okies" are to the white home owners of the university city. Persons who throw their garbage out the window are not desirable tenants or neighbors whether their skin is black, yellow, or white. Thirty years ago in the large eastern cities it was the European peasants who were undesirable on this score. It takes time and patient work on the part of schools and other community agencies to help people learn how to live in modern cities.

In Los Angeles and San Francisco, the in-migrant Negroes have moved into the "little Tokyo" slums, to which some of the evacuated persons of Japanese ancestry now wish to return. It is hard for some of the Nisei to realize that because of war conditions practically no housing is available in West Coast cities even for persons not handicapped by race, and they are doubly handicapped—as non-Caucasians and as persons associated in the popular mind with the enemy. California statutes prohibiting ownership of land by "persons ineligible to citizenship" still prevent persons born in Japan from buying homes for themselves, but the recent change in status of the Chinese, who may now be naturalized, makes it legally possible for them to acquire homes in unrestricted districts. Actually, however, nearly all the Chinese in this country are citizens by birth, although many of the university trained professional men and women even of the fourth generation are still crowded in Chinatown slums. At the present moment the almost sentimental attitude toward our Chinese allies, coupled with hostility toward the Japanese, is helping some of our long-established Chinese Americans to escape from their ghettos. One hears of instances now of well-to-do Chinese purchasing homes in prosperous white neighborhoods on the West Coast. More decent attitudes toward Orientals else-

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where in the country are persuading most of the evacuated Japanese Americans not to return to the Coast. "Why should I go back and submit to such discrimination?" they say. "In the East I am just an American like anyone." But some who own homes and farms on the Coast are homesick for, after all, they are not only Americans, they are Californians too. And, with some sad exceptions, those who have ventured back have been welcomed home by friends and neighbors.

Covenants specifically directed against Mexican Americans are not so common as those which mention Negroes. However, a recent case (*Doss v. Bernal*, Superior Court of Orange County, California, 1943) concerned property in Fullerton bought by a native Californian of Mexican ancestry and his Mexican-born wife, although it was restricted from being "used, leased, owned or occupied by any Mexicans or persons other than of the Caucasian race." The neighbors who brought suit alleged the presence of the Bernals "lowered the class of persons" residing in the tract and depreciated the value of their property. Judge Albert F. Ross, brought in from distant Shasta County where there are few or no Mexicans but many Indian residents, ruled that such a restriction was injurious to the public good and violated the concepts of democratic procedure. He pointed out, "We are a country formed of persons who come from other countries. The real Americans were originally the Indians." The Mexicans were in California before persons of English stock; in fact California was a part of Mexico. The Scandinavians and Finns in Minnesota have not always lived according to "American habits" or spoken English exclusively. The habits of some of Mayflower stock have not always been of the best. White women in the Kentucky and Tennessee mountains sometimes smoke pipes or go barefoot. The com-

plainants in this case were of German extraction, but they found Hitler's ideas were not to be upheld by a California Court while Judge Ross presided.

Sometimes the restrictions state quite clearly, if illegally, whom the property owners wish to keep out. For instance, a residence subdivision adjacent to Fresno, where the Raisin Growers Association and Armenian American ranchers have long been at odds, is restricted from use or occupancy "by any Negro, Chinese, Japanese, Hindu, Armenian, Asiatic, or native of the Turkish Empire, or descendant of above named persons." Of course Armenians are Caucasian.

Usually, however, it is social pressure and economic disadvantages, rather than legal provisions, that account for the segregation of such minority groups as the Mexican Americans, or, as they call them in Texas, the Latin Americans, who are there treated as inferior even to Negroes, although, like the Negroes, they are American by birth. Able to pay only the minimum rents and often with large families, most owners of property simply refuse to rent to them, and only the owners of shacks and "corrals" welcome them. Financially unable to buy, except in slum subdivisions where the bare land, often without a water supply and usually with no sewer connections, may be secured for ten or even five dollars a month payments, the pitiful shacks they erect are an eyesore to the community as well as breeding places for tuberculosis and other ills. Those in moderate circumstances are often told there are no vacancies in decent neighborhoods and thus are directed back to the slums. (But if the Latin American has ample means, even though his skin may be dark, he may purchase a home in Hollywood, yes, even in San Antonio.) Federal housing projects completed before the war in such cities as San Antonio followed the usual pattern of the community



when they were designed definitely for Anglo Americans, that is persons presumably of European ancestry; for Spanish Americans or persons of Mexican blood; and for Negroes—the three restricted types of projects being widely separated from each other. The federal census classifies Mexicans as white; Texas considers them definitely not white; and in California whether they are subject to restrictions as non-Caucasians is not at all clear, their economic status being a more controlling factor than their descent. Actually, of course, Mexicans are mixtures of Spanish or Caucasian stock and Indian or probable Mongoloid stock, like our American Indians.

A case in which the Superior Court of Alameda County, California, on July 12, 1945, upheld a race restriction (*Coleman v. Johnston, Stewart et al*), serves to focus some of the elements in the whole question of housing restrictions based on racial discrimination. The defendants in this case, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Stewart, came from Cleveland to Berkeley early in 1944. Mr. Stewart immediately secured a war job, but they could find no place to rent. The first four nights they slept in their car. Then Mrs. Stewart took a housework job solely for the purpose of getting shelter. In March 1944 they purchased a house on Carlton Street, one half block from the district where 92 per cent of all the Negroes live, but in a block where no Negro had lived previously, and on a lot which was one of four included in a covenant signed in 1913 by a previous owner prohibiting occupancy by non-Caucasians for thirty years. In October 1944, seven months after the Stewarts moved in, another covenant, covering nearly all the remainder of the block, was filed, and it was alleged this covenant had previously been in existence. The suit was filed by Mr. Coleman, owner of the house next

door, although he himself lived elsewhere, alleging that the presence of the Stewarts was depreciating the value of his property which he wished to sell.

The evidence presented by the defendants showed that the Stewarts had entered into a contract to pay \$7,500 for the property although it was admittedly worth only \$6,000 even under the present conditions of inflated values in the area; and, furthermore, they were willing to buy the place next door for ten per cent more than any white person had offered, if Mr. Coleman would sell to them. In view of this and of testimony of Negro realtors that they had hundreds of Negro clients willing and able to pay ten per cent more than white offers for homes all over Berkeley, if they could be allowed by the realty board and the banks to operate outside their district, the testimony of white realtors that Negroes depreciated property made only a feeble showing; the white realtors who testified admitted they never sold or rented anything to Negroes. Actually, the real estate men responsible for placing new restrictions on property immediately adjoining the Negro district have prevented sales which would have been financially advantageous to themselves and the present owners.

Testimony of a representative of the Federal Housing Agency made clear the need for additional places for Negroes to live. Government statistics show the Negro population of Berkeley nearly doubled between 1940 and 1944, increasing from 3,395 to 6,129, but only 120 new housing units were made available for these newcomers, whereas at least 2,000 such units were needed. During the four-year period, the rate of increase of population in the four census tracts where 92 per cent of the colored population lives was five and a half times greater than in the rest of Berkeley. The 501 Negro families in Codornices Village, the Berkeley-



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Albany federal housing project which is interracial, were all in-migrant war worker families who arrived after the special 1944 census. The situation in the six counties in the San Francisco Bay area was not such that Berkeley Negroes might find shelter in nearby communities. Between 1940 and 1944 the number of Negroes in that area increased from 19,000 to 60,000; in shipbuilding Richmond the Negro population increased 2,000 per cent. Public housing in the Bay area provided for 10,000 Negro families, or about half the newcomers. The others were in basements, attics, garages, store buildings, shacks, shanties, tents, trailers, and jammed by the half dozen families into dwellings intended for single occupancy. Many of the war workers will wish to remain in California, but the federal war housing is all of temporary construction and is to be demolished within two years after victory.

An attempt was made by the defense to introduce testimony from a representative of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People regarding growing tensions within the restricted area and how riots elsewhere have grown out of such restrictions, but the Court ruled this was not pertinent.

In addition to citing precedents from previous cases, the defense argued that, although the Fourteenth Amendment refers to "states," not to individuals, when the Court enters in, as in any case in which recourse is had to the Courts, the matter is no longer one of individuals, but the Court, in declaring a specific covenant valid or not, is acting for the state. Bertram Edises, attorney for the defense, has asked for a stay of execution in order to appeal to the State Appellate Court, and it is hoped that later the case may be reviewed by the United States Supreme Court on this point; if this is done, it is just possible all racial restrictions on oc-

cupancy of property might be declared unconstitutional.

This Berkeley case presents another interesting point. The plaintiff alleged violation of the covenant because the Stewarts were non-Caucasians. The neighbors testified the Stewarts were Negroes: they "knew Negroes when they saw them." However, on the witness stand, Mrs. Stewart testified that on any application form asking race she always marked "Indian"; she understood her grandmother had been Indian. Mr. Stewart swore that on any form where it was required that one check "white" or "black," he always wrote "American" right across it. He didn't know if he were Caucasian or not; he had attended school with white children in Tennessee; his California driver's license, marked by a state employee who had asked him no question, only looked at him, showed his race as white. Various documents and records were introduced as evidence to this effect.

Although the attorney for the plaintiff, a native of Tennessee himself, strove to prove the Stewarts to be non-Caucasians, he ran into difficulties. The defense called on Dr. Paul Radin, the eminent anthropologist, for expert testimony. Dr. Radin explained the wide variations in race groupings, the physical characteristics which are all an anthropologist recognizes. Mr. Stewart, with his light olive skin, his dark brown wavy, but not kinky, hair, his straight slender nose, his thin lips, according to definition would be within the mid ranks of Caucasians. Mrs. Stewart, with cocoa- or copper-colored skin, straight, or perhaps straightened hair, features not especially Negroid, could well be within the darker extreme of the Caucasian group, not nearly so far toward the dark edge as millions of inhabitants of India who are definitely Caucasian. Professor Radin pointed out that blood fluid is similar for all races; that inheritance is a

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factor only if it can be proved and that legal paternity is not always the same as biological paternity; that illegitimacy rates are startlingly high and racial mixture is as old as the history of man; and that even in the southern part of this country in the 17th and 18th centuries many white fathers recognized their darker children so that present "southern whites" may be not entirely of Caucasian origin.

Listening to the expert, one is reminded of the wording of the covenant in the Pasadena case. That property was not to be occupied by anyone "whose blood is not entirely of the Caucasian race." Who can be sure about such a matter? We each have two parents, four grandparents, eight great-grandparents, sixteen great-great-grandparents, and so on back to a thousand direct ancestors in ten generations. Some five thousand different persons, if no cousins inter-married, who were living at the time the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth Rock, were responsible for any one of us; and if we count back to William the Conqueror we each had a million an-

cestors of that generation. How many of us know the complexions of each one of our great-grandparents, let alone all their progenitors back to the ice age? What white person can prove himself a "pure Caucasian"? How then can any owner of property know whether he is selling or renting to a non-Caucasian? Racial restrictions in deeds or covenants not only violate the spirit of the Fourteenth Amendment but are an anachronism in a modern time. Certainly all Americans should have the right to live wherever they wish to live, wherever they can afford to own or rent a home.

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*G. Eleanor Kimble is a professional social worker long interested in problems of minority groups. She is the author of Social Work with Travelers and Transients and co-author of Migratory Labor in California and Transients in California. She now serves as chairman of the housing sections of the Berkeley Interracial Committee and of the Berkeley League of Women Voters.*

## INTERRACIAL HOUSING

Here and there across the country are islands of good housing where Americans live together regardless of race or creed or nationality background. Children and adults, all share in the privileges and responsibilities of project life—fun and learning on the playgrounds and in the nursery schools, working together on the management councils and war drive committees, and simple neighboring.

The pictures here shown are from the Kingsborough Houses in Brooklyn.

# JAPANESE AMERICAN RELOCATION: FINAL CHAPTER

DILLON S. MYER

WITHIN the war relocation centers for people of Japanese descent last December there was visible a curious phenomenon. Joint announcements by the War Department in Washington and the Western Defense Command in California had revoked the mass exclusion orders which for two and a half years had exiled the center residents from their homes on the West Coast. Simultaneously, the War Relocation Authority had announced that it would direct its efforts toward resettling all eligible evacuees by the end of the year, and that all relocation centers would be closed by the end of 1945. From the beginning, the majority of the residents had hated the all-pervasive desert dust, the communal eating in mess halls and monotonous mess hall food, the lack of space and privacy. Yet, paradoxically, many had become comfortably accustomed to life in the centers and had developed a profound reluctance to leave.

Before evacuation, most were too proud to accept charity. Many had, in the time since, come to cling to the false security of the center and of government support. Life outside looked complicated and difficult. Within, they were at home in the internal politics and gossip of the center. Center newspapers were issued regularly; the center baseball teams played neighboring towns, and the towns played return matches. Evacuees said incredulously: "The center can't close; the center is like a town."

Looking at the "outside," they heard of problems of finding housing, of getting

jobs, of making friends. Incidents of terrorism on the West Coast were magnified against the soundboard of center gossip and rumor. Boycotts, legal difficulties, problems of support, made the dependency and isolation of the centers seem comparatively desirable. With a center-bred timidity, the residents tended to minimize the favorable reports from already-relocated evacuees, and to see the problems of resettlement as almost overwhelming.

We in the War Relocation Authority knew that many of these problems were real problems, even though they were not insoluble. It would be no easy matter to return 60,000 people to the mainstream of American life which for over two years had flowed on without them. In 1941, when Japanese fliers attacked Pearl Harbor, the Japanese in America, one of our most recent immigrant groups, had just begun the process of assimilation into American life which so many other national groups had followed earlier. The Nisei, the first American-born generation, just coming of age, were taking their places in American schools and offices; their friends were Americans of all nationalities; their culture was almost wholly American.

Evacuation checked this gradual, wholly natural process of cultural assimilation. Taken suddenly out of normal mixed communities, aliens and citizens alike were grouped in the tightly ingrown, racially segregated communities, where it became easier and easier to think and talk

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"Japanese" and to forget the normal life outside.

At the same time, in the communities which the evacuees had left, the ranks closed behind them. Renters took over the management of their farms; new tenants moved into their homes; Mexican workers took their place in the floating farm labor market. Behind them, too, the ranks closed psychologically. Set apart from other Americans even more by the fact of their evacuation and segregation in centers than by the cultural and physical differences which had distinguished them before the war, the Japanese Americans became even more suspected, distrusted, and even hated. Grouped in centers, they were a natural target for race-baiting opportunists.

But it was clear that re-integration of the evacuees into American life would become no easier as time went on. The longer the evacuees remained in centers, the more dependent they would become; the harder the readjustment would be to make. The maintenance of the evacuees in centers would only increase suspicion and encourage race-baiting; the passage of time would make economic readjustment no easier. Somehow the readjustment had to be made in order to avoid the only alternative—the permanent maintenance of centers for people of Japanese descent as "rejects" which our democracy had failed to absorb. We knew that the full war economy and the demand for workers increased the urgency of speedy liquidation, and that with the help of the many groups and individuals who had been supporting the resettlement program all along, we could do the job, by facing each problem and tackling it as it came.

For over two years, the WRA had been helping evacuees to relocate in communities all over the country outside the evacuated area. It was a slower process by far than the original evacuation—and with

reason, for it was a process of individual readjustment on the basis of individual choice, not a mass movement. The later relocation program was different again, in that it was to be a program of total, rather than partial relocation. But it was still a program of individual resettlement with individual freedom of choice. We had to work on and help in solving the resettlement problems of every evacuee eligible to leave the center, no matter what his age, financial status, or number of dependents. It was a challenge we were determined to meet.

One of the first problems we faced was that many of the evacuees must start out again with meagre financial resources. For nearly three years, they have been earning no more than \$19 a month. Many suffered severe losses in the evacuation and had their savings still further depleted while living in the centers. But those who are physically able to be self-supporting do not need or really want charity. The most effective help they can be given is help in getting back into paying occupations as soon as possible. To this end, the field relocation offices advise the evacuees of jobs which are available in the communities where they plan to resettle and, if necessary, help them to make contacts with prospective employers before they even leave the center.

Farmers and independent businessmen who need loans to get started again cannot get them direct from WRA, since we have no special authority from Congress to go into the loan business. But WRA can and does advise evacuees as to the private and public agencies to which they can apply for loans. Some men who formerly ran independent businesses have made arrangements to start work as salaried employees in order to save enough to become independent again. Similarly, some farmers are starting in again as share-

croppers or as paid farm managers. It isn't easy to work your way up again, but those who are doing it seem to be proud of their independence and confident that their years of experience will speed up the process of reacquiring their former status.

Evacuees without any financial reserve to draw upon immediately can apply at the centers for short-term assistance grants to cover such costs of resettlement as the expense of new furniture, or a first month's advance rent, or may later apply for grants covering such emergency expenses as medical care. This assistance is in addition to the \$25 per person given to all needy resettlers by WRA to tide them over until the first pay checks start coming in.

All these types of assistance are set up to help the individuals who are able to support themselves once they get started. Those persons who because of old age, illness, or number of minor children are not able to be self-supporting present another sort of problem. Since WRA cannot go on acting as a welfare agency for them indefinitely, we are gradually assisting them to relocate to communities where they can receive the continuing, long-term assistance which they require. Some, of course, have children who can help in their support. Many have boys in uniform and are receiving Army allotments. Others will have to depend on established welfare agencies. Some are eligible for the categorical assistance programs of the Social Security Board—Old Age Assistance, Aid to Dependent Children, and Aid to the Blind. Others must be cared for by county agencies. The problems of these dependent persons are referred, by the welfare staff at the centers through the field offices of WRA, to the appropriate agencies in the community where they plan to resettle so that they will know—before they leave the center, if necessary—what kinds of assistance they will be eligible to receive after resettlement.

Co-operation from state and county welfare agencies has been excellent. State boards in the three West Coast states—and in Oregon and Washington the state board supervises county welfare programs—have pledged co-operation in helping needy evacuee residents. Although the county welfare boards in California are not under state supervision, the individual county boards have with minor exceptions proved willing to give evacuees the help available to other needy residents. Even bed-ridden patients are being moved to hospitals in their home towns. Indeed, co-operation from West Coast welfare agencies has been so good that in some cases individuals have been accepted by the agencies for some weeks before they were able to complete other arrangements to return.

Another serious problem aside from finances has been that of housing. Anyone who has recently tried moving will appreciate the difficulties involved in finding a house or apartment in most cities today. On the West Coast, the problem is particularly acute, for West Coast industry has expanded tremendously during the war, and both war workers and relatives of men in service in the Pacific have flocked into West Coast cities. Negroes have moved into the former Little Tokyos in thousands, and evacuees have returned to their former communities to find them full to seam-splitting.

However, when the job WRA is doing is looked at in perspective, it is far less complicated than the job of finding housing for the many thousands of incoming war workers in industrial cities. As this article is written, evacuees have been leaving the centers for the East and Midwest in slightly larger numbers than those going back to the West Coast, and it seems safe to predict that, although this proportion may shift, no more than 35,000 will re-

## COMMON GROUND

turn to the Coast from centers. Many of these will return to rural areas, and the others will be scattered in dozens of cities all up and down the Coast, so that the number to take up residence in any one West Coast city will not be large.

The housing problem is a tough one, but we are convinced that it can be beaten—not just by one cure-all solution, but by attacking it on all sides with every possible partial solution. For those evacuees, of course, who own their own homes, the problem is merely one of repossession, and the WRA staff is helping such persons get their homes back under OPA rulings. For others, new housing has to be found. We are arranging for a staff member in each main field office to devote full time to locating housing, working with local housing agencies, and advising the co-operating private agencies which have given invaluable assistance in solving this problem. A housing registry can be kept. Evacuees who return to their own homes are sometimes able to take in friends. Other evacuees have found jobs as domestics or as caretakers and have housing furnished. In Portland, Spokane, and Oakland, as in Philadelphia and some other cities, we have been successful in arranging for public housing projects to accept evacuee tenants.

In general, it is true that the turn-over in a large city is so great that an evacuee who can find a temporary place to stay, and is willing to keep on the look-out, will sooner or later find a permanent place more to his taste. This is the purpose served by the hostels which have been established by interested private groups in a number of cities on the West Coast and elsewhere (in many cases, with the loan of WRA surplus equipment) to shelter evacuee families while they look for permanent homes. It takes persistence, and a good deal of leg-work, but, in general, we have found that the housing shortage can

be solved, in California as in Cleveland, Chicago, and other war-crowded communities in the Midwest and East.

Other factors which once loomed up as "problems" are turning out to be no serious problems at all. The transfer of evacuee children to outside schools has so far gone forward with remarkable smoothness, with regard to both the transfer of academic credits and the social adjustment of the pupils concerned. Evacuee children returning to the West Coast have met with little difficulty. In Santa Barbara, the nine-year-old son of one evacuee family was chosen captain of the soccer team within ten days after his enrollment in school. Evacuees who reported difficulty in getting insurance for their property soon found that although some companies refused to serve people of Japanese descent, others—whose names are kept on file by WRA—are entirely willing to accept evacuee business.

However, with the lifting of the mass exclusion orders, the problem of public sentiment toward the resettlers has taken on a new importance. In the East and Midwest, with some very few exceptions, the evacuee resettlers have fitted into their new homes and jobs without a ripple. In general, those individuals of Japanese descent who went back to the West Coast before December 18 under special permits aroused comparatively little consternation among their neighbors. Indeed, newspapermen interviewing the neighbors of an evacuee farmer who returned in November found one citizen sorely confused; he didn't know that his acquaintance Yamamoto had been away.

But with the Army's revocation of the mass exclusion orders, West Coast racists, economic opportunists, and bar-room heroes joined forces in a desperate, last-ditch attempt to keep the evacuees from their homes. The petition, the mass meet-



## JAPANESE AMERICAN RELOCATION: FINAL CHAPTER

ing, the "No Japs Wanted" sign, the boycott, and the rifle shot by night were the weapons of this group, seeking to use every means, *including* force, to make the wartime evacuation into a permanent defeat for Americans of Japanese descent—and for American democracy.

Fortunately for both, the vocal exclusionists on the West Coast have found themselves outnumbered by the tolerant and fair-minded. Incidents of violence and terrorism against returning evacuees have received more and more unfavorable publicity throughout the nation in news stories, editorials, and radio comment. Secretary Ickes' condemnation of these incidents was widely publicized. Meanwhile, the democratic-minded on the West Coast have joined together to support the decision of the War Department and to protect the constitutional rights of people of Japanese descent. Citizens' committees to counteract racist agitation were formed in communities up and down the Coast; in Monterey four hundred and fifty leading citizens countered a paid advertisement by an exclusionist group with a full-page advertisement of their own entitled "The Democratic Way of Life for All"; church and civic groups organized hostels, passed resolutions, and wrote letters expressing their stand.

We in WRA have come to believe that giving to the public full and accurate information on the activities of the terrorists is one of the most effective means for putting a stop to their activities. It is noteworthy that, as this is written, instances of attempted violence against returned evacuees have almost entirely disappeared, with the tide turning at the end of May when Secretary Ickes' statement of condemnation took full effect, creating nationwide public and editorial protest against the terrorism. Accordingly, we have followed a policy of publicizing the facts on all "incidents," as well as of referring to

the federal authorities of the Department of Justice all cases of boycott or terrorism where it appears that a federal statute may have been violated.

Probably the most effective fight for the rights of Americans of Japanese ancestry has been made neither by this agency nor by law enforcement officials nor by interested private individuals. The fight has been made by the American soldiers of Japanese descent, who in their magnificent record of battling against fascism abroad have done more than any other group could possibly do to defeat racist ideologies at home. It is not remarkable that some exclusionist groups were quick to protest the admission of Nisei into the armed forces. The achievements of the Nisei soldiers, particularly those who have been fighting in the Pacific against the Japanese enemy, and whose activities are coming increasingly to public attention, have been very effective in breaking through the psychological haze with which racial agitators have tried to surround the distinction between race and loyalty.

We have come to see very clearly during the past three years that in the long run, although race prejudice may at first be intensified and brought to the surface by the settlement of people of Japanese descent in a prejudiced area, it is finally dissipated only by having the Japanese Americans come in, settle down, and take part in the life of the community. This has happened in communities all over the United States since the resettlement program began. It is now happening on the West Coast. The prejudices which can grow bitter and intense against a racial stereotype are harder to maintain against a neighbor. It is significant that at the time of evacuation, the citizens of one California community went to the Western Defense Command to state that although they knew most Japanese to be

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dishonest, untrustworthy, and disloyal, they knew their own neighbors of Japanese descent to be "different." They compared their neighbors—unwittingly—to the racial stereotype and concluded that the local group was "exceptional." It is also significant that race prejudice against the Japanese increased, rather than decreased, after the evacuation. And as the evacuees return, settle down, take up their plows, open their shops, re-commence professional practice—as their children enter school and join the football and basketball teams—the race-baiters will find themselves fighting a losing and unpopular battle in their attempts to make the evacuation permanent.

By the end of June, more than 48,000 men, women, and children had gone out from the centers to new homes and jobs in 48 states and the District of Columbia. Nearly 16,000 of these left the centers during the six months following the lifting of the exclusion orders. They went out in steadily increasing numbers, which by June totalled more than 1,000 each week.

Within the centers people were talking relocation, wondering, planning, and packing their effects. Letters from those who had already "taken the plunge" were read and discussed, becoming a powerful pull on those still remaining. For, on leaving the centers, the evacuees generally found their fears disappearing, the outside world more friendly than they had come to believe during their three years of isolation. One evacuee woman who had returned to her home in California wrote back in anger when she received letters of condolence from one of the centers on the death of her father at the hands of terror-

ists. Not only was her father well and working, she wrote, but if the people in the centers hadn't anything better to do than think up rumors, it was time for them to get out and work.

The program of the War Relocation Authority has been an exciting adventure in the democratic method. It is an adventure in which Americans all over the United States have taken part. Perhaps 110,000 displaced persons seems like a small problem, compared to the millions of homeless and dislocated people of Europe and Asia. Their losses and difficulties may seem small, compared to those of the Chinese, the Poles, or the Jews of Europe. But this comparatively small segment of our population has had a symbolic significance out of all proportion to its size. It has been a kind of testing ground for democratic procedures in the country which has become increasingly the leader of world democracy.

We had a mass evacuation, dictated by war necessity, which overrode the peacetime rights of one minority in our population. But in our gradual, slow, sometimes painful process of individual readjustment, we have furnished a guarantee that the American way is to repair and make restitution; that even in a war, we do not forget the rights of individuals; and that while fighting on battlefronts around the world, we will not allow ourselves to forget the problems of democracy near at hand.

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*Director of the War Relocation Authority since June 1942, Dillon S. Myer is now bending all his energies to liquidating that agency.*

# ON MY FATHER'S MOUNTAIN

MILLA Z. LOGAN

MY FATHER had two personalities—one for the “market place” and the other for his home.

Down town he was a model small American businessman. “He’s some kind of ‘Slavonian’ with one of those hard ‘itch’ names,” any one of his business friends would guess if the question of my father’s origin happened to come up. But there was nothing about his speech or well-tailored appearance to suggest he might have any ties not covered by the Native Sons’ Parlors or the pioneer Lincoln School Association.

My father’s down-town life should have built up a satisfying sense of importance in him. He was tremendously popular.

“It’s like walking down the street with the Admiral Dewey monument, just to be seen with him,” my mother said. “Everybody knows him.”

It was true that everybody in this man’s world that was bordered by tall gray buildings seemed to know my father, and on terms of seasoned friendship. Important bankers, steamship men, city hall politicians, race horse touts, and legless news vendors—all hailed him in the streets as an intimate.

Trotting beside him, I could never understand why all these people went out of their way to speak to my father. They did all the talking, showed him pictures of their children, described arthritic tortures, and confided business successes while he listened and smiled.

“Who was that man?” I would ask after each one of these encounters. Usually

it was a man, who on meeting me was surprised to find out my father had a family, too—someone who would pat me on the head and tell me with a great deal of feeling that this great “daddy” of mine was one of his real chums.

“He’s in the export business, I think,” my father would answer me, snapping his fingers to bring back the man’s name. “Bayles, Bowles, Booth, it doesn’t come to me right now. Anyway, I’ve known him for a long time. Married into one of the big mining families.”

Yet somewhere between the stone façades of San Francisco’s commercial district and its bay-windowed, hill-top houses, my father switched personalities and changed from an American “good mixer” into an old-country mountaineer tribesman.

“It’s as if he crossed the Atlantic Ocean every night on his way home,” my mother marveled.

Once inside his front door, he tossed aside his down-town life as if it were yesterday’s newspaper. If he had ever known the old country, we would have put the change down to homesickness. If, like my mother and my aunts, he carried memories of a walled village and of faces left behind, we would have understood this hunger for old-country customs.

But my father’s grandfather and his three boys had been gold rush pioneers to the West. One of the brothers sailed in the United States Navy and then went back home to get married. The oldest boy

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of this marriage came to San Francisco when he was four years old to live with his bearded grandfather. He was my father, and he was as early a San Franciscan as a "Hang Town fry."

So he had to depend on hearsay and the description of those who remembered the habits of "home" people to make his old-country nights authentic. The stories my mother and my aunts told him painted a picture that was missing in vigor and lacking in primitive folk ways. Both sides of the family had lived for the last three or four hundred years in a more sophisticated seaside village which retained only some of the mountain flavor my father craved. He turned for ideas to violent, mustached mountaineers who gave him noisy demonstrations of how to reconstruct real old-country social life in his home.

Night after night he gathered ten to fifteen stalwarts around the dining room table to sing for him the tuneless epics of Montenegrin heroism. To the delicate ears of my aunts, keyed to the madrigals of the coast, they sounded like the whining of a saw mill.

"Oooh-oooh EE-ec-va-a-na-a Go-o-os-poda-a-ra-a," the company sang, each male head leaning against its neighbor's, and strong arms flung around bent shoulders. Endless were the verses, echoed in changing tempo, of "Ivan, the Gospodar, and his two sons," and of Milosh Obelich, who walked into a den of Turks and slew their Sultan.

Unfortunately my father never learned to join in the monotonous verses. The only song he had ever been able to master was one he had arranged himself. It was a medley of two compositions with only two lines of words—one from each, which he alternated: "Let the punishment fit the crime, We were sisters, and they were brothers."

While the others howled, he sat at the

head of the table, flushed with pleasure, and imagined himself host to a band of heroes on a Montenegrin mountain top. On some of the more familiar finales, he joined in with a timid "Oooh-oooh."

It detracted from his elation if the family didn't sit at the table, too, and my mother and the rest of us therefore huddled together at the lower end where women belonged.

"Go to the bathroom, please; hide under the table; disappear," my mother would beg my aunts when the time for the singing toasts came. Each member of the family had to be saluted personally, and the more of us there were at the table, the longer it took to intone the measured verses. If the company was in particularly fine voice, they might break each letter of each word into syllables, and that dragged the singing out to the other side of midnight.

These round-table sing-songs were not the only way my father had of answering the call of his mountain. Many times the mountain sent him an appeal for help. "Every day it is harder to dig a living out of these rocks," some sturdy kinsman would write, and my father would bring another "cousin" to America.

"Cousins!" Teta Eva never failed to snort with each arrival. "They're not related to you at all. That's stretching things too far."

This repudiation of kin by his own sister always hurt my father. "Your own brother Marko says they are, and he ought to know. He was there until he was eighteen, wasn't he?"

Teta Eva could top that argument. "And I was there when I was a grown, married woman with three children, and I tell you those people are not blood ties of ours."

"Depends on how far back you go," our fourth cousin Vlado would point out.

## ON MY FATHER'S MOUNTAIN

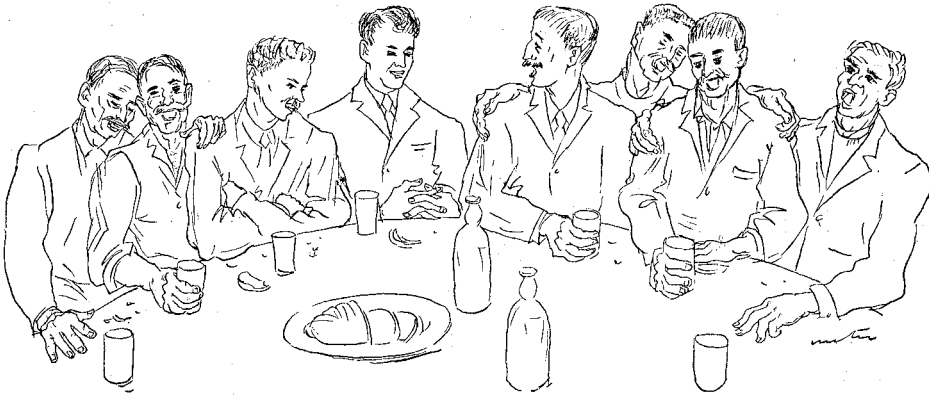
"If you take the past few years, no. But if you go back to old times, we were one family."

"What's the use of talking about it?" My mother would sympathize with Teta Eva. "This all started a long time ago."

I knew what she meant. From 1852, until my great-grandfather was almost a hundred years old, his home in San Francisco had been a clearing house for every immigrant who followed him to the coast.

kitchen door where the women might trap him into a conversation. When anyone passed him in the hall, he became engrossed in a picture which he examined with the intentness of an art critic until all danger was over. Then we could hear him resume his strolling. "Mmm—fit the crime, mmm, mmm, we were sisters," he sang as he strolled.

Teta Eva winked at my mother from her outlook post at the kitchen door.



The visitors would stay for a few weeks and then "the old man" would give them fifty dollars and send them to the mines.

"Didn't anyone ever stay longer?" I asked my father, knowing the family reluctance to speed a parting guest.

My father couldn't say offhand. "One man did," he finally remembered. "He stayed fifteen years."

"Seventeen," Striko Marko corrected.

"He could make good Pisco Punches," my father added hastily, lest anyone think they were criticising the protracted visit.

We could always tell when one of my father's cousins was on his way to these shores. We knew at once one night when he came home with an assumed air of light-heartedness that a new relative had landed. He strolled the length of the hall several times, never venturing as far as the

"He's looking at the picture of the Battle of Kossovo as if he'd never seen it before," she reported.

My mother came to the door for a peek. "Counting the dead and wounded again," she said.

At the table, everybody waited for my father to break the news. The women had a code which made it no fair to give him an opening, no matter how curious they were. Tonight he seemed more reluctant than ever to get rid of his heavy secret. Once he spoke, but it wasn't what we were waiting to hear.

"I saw the new priest today," he said, breaking a piece of French bread.

"Does he amount to anything?" Teta Lubé asked.

Teta Eva poured wine on her peaches. "Don't ask him. He thinks everybody's nice."

"Very nice man," my father confirmed absently.

Teta Eva got up from the table and dropped a kiss on my father's head as she slid behind his chair. "Did he tell you he was your 'cousin,' little brother?" she teased.

The others gave her a warning look. My mother finished scraping crumbs with her knife. Then she broke the rule and spoke to my father.

"What is it—a cablegram, telegram, or letter?" she asked.

His blue eyes rounded with reproach when everybody laughed. He fished an envelope out of his bill fold and tossed it to my mother. It was a telegram. The cousin was already in New York and would be sitting at our table in less than a week.

"Another cousin," Teta Eva said, clapping her hands. She leaned across the table and challenged my father. "You show me where he's related to us and I'll show you where we're related to the Bey of Bitlis."

My father had the cousin's dossier. "I checked with Nikola in Fresno," he said, pulling a letter out of his pocket, "and Nikola says we're related, way back, of course."

Teta Eva flung the letter back at him. "Related! Not in this life. We never heard of those people before."

"We did, too!" Striko Marko, who had arrived as a reinforcement, protested. "I can remember when I was a little boy I walked into the hills one day. Climbed over rocks and through brambles. Finally I got to a little village. I was hot and tired, too, I can tell you. What was I? Just a little fellow! I didn't see anybody but an old 'baba' with a goat. She was this cousin's grandmother, his father's mother. She asked me whose boy I was, and when I told her she kissed me—she was so happy to see me. She took me into

her kitchen. It was clean, and the stone floor was scrubbed so it sparkled like fresh, cold well water. She gave me a piece of bread, some goat's milk, and fruit. A man doesn't forget those things."

In a few days, a tall, fallow stranger, flanked on each side by my father and Striko Marko, came into our house. He was Branko, "the only representative of his branch of the family in America," my father introduced him importantly. Branko dismissed the women with the condescension of one who always remembered that no shots are fired at the birth of a female.

The two brothers exchanged stiff, set phrases of welcome with their kinsman and tried to give him an authentic old-country greeting. The women fell in with the spirit of servility that was expected of them at this great union of the heads of the two houses. They catered faithfully to my father's conceptions of the old-country traditions.

"I never did this before in my life," Teta Lubé grumbled, as the women ate in the kitchen. "My mother and my grandmother sat down to eat with archdukes, and now I'm pushed into the kitchen by a raw hill-billy."

"You don't think I'm used to it?" Teta Eva said, resenting the dig at her side of the house. "It certainly wasn't the custom in my family."

My mother was amused. "Let them be great strong falcons just for tonight," she pleaded. "It's good for Sasha. He's what the Americans call a throw-back. A throw-back to the mountains."

The next night, so that Striko Marko's family wouldn't be slighted, Branko ate with them and slept under their roof. When these amenities had been observed, the next ceremony was to take him around for a call at the house of every relative on both sides of the family. Since this took in a big territory, it would be a night and



## ON MY FATHER'S MOUNTAIN

day job. By night my father and Striko Marko and other male relatives could handle it. None of the women volunteered for the day shift, and a compromise plan was worked out. Striko Marko's oldest child, a girl unfortunately like myself, and I, as the older child in our family, would accompany Branko on these daytime pilgrimages.

For my cousin and me it was a flattering experience to shepherd the gawky Branko through parlors that had never been open to children before. On these visits we were not children. We enjoyed the status of official family sponsors for Branko and, as such, we were treated with elaborate respect. Glossy, hand-embroidered napkins and adult-size pieces of cake were pressed on us. During these visits Branko sat at the head of the table, but we were served directly after him—I first, as the child of the elder brother.

My cousin and I had been rehearsed on how to end each visit. You were supposed to let a decent interval elapse between eating and going. Then it was proper to give your first departure notice. If the opposition to your party's leaving was too strong, you could give in and stay for five or ten minutes. But under no circumstances were you to put the hostess to the trouble of pumping up a second demonstration of enthusiasm for Branko. The second time you had to leave. Unfortunately, Branko had the final say, and often we lingered, as we did at the house of Baba Yane's daughter.

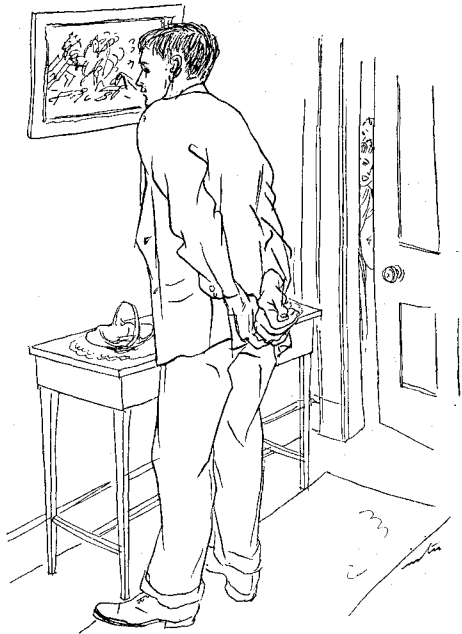
"We must be getting on to our next stop," I said for the second and last time and looked to Branko for confirmation.

"No, no, you just came," our hostess protested weakly. "We'll be offended if you go now." She appealed to Branko.

Branko grinned and accepted another piece of cake. This threw us off schedule and we didn't make our quota of houses for that day.

My father got Branko a job as a dishwasher, and after he had paid what he owed for transportation, he commenced to save his money to go back to the old country. He shuttled back and forth between his rooming house and the kitchen where he worked for two years. At the end of that time he left for the old country. He had a few words of American slang and a roll of greenbacks to show for his visit.

In less than a year my father came home one night and went through the familiar



routine of strolling through the hall, examining pictures, and singing his hybrid song. A week later, Branko arrived from New York with two more cousins. This time he acted like a man of the world. He took charge of the cousins, conducted them on their house to house visits, and told them how to pronounce English words. When they showed an ignorance of American devices, he bared his long teeth and guffawed.

"Came over in foggorn (fog horn),

those two," he crowed, indicating them with a tooth pick. His superiority never lasted very long because most of my father's imports were personable, keen-minded men who got out of Branko's class in a few weeks.

Branko got a dishwasher's job again. Then, when he had paid back his debt of honor to my father and got another roll of bills together, he took the boat for the old country.

Teta Eva refused to look up from her crocheting when he came to say good-bye. "Next time, don't cable for money," she advised him. "Just come c.o.d. Get on the boat and Sasha will pay for you when you get here. The steamship company should know that by now."

When Branko came back in a year, he took Teta Eva's hint. He came c.o.d. But even her pessimism couldn't have foreseen what plan for "cash on delivery" his yokel mind would work out.

It was a holiday when he arrived for the third time. Everybody but my mother and Teta Lubé had gone to an all-day wedding in the country. When I got home from my school picnic, I knew something was amiss because the heavy back-parlor door which was always wide open was closed. Teta Lubé was alone in the kitchen applying cold compresses to a headache.

"Don't ask me any question. Just come with me and look," she said, pushing me down the hall. "In God's name, don't let your mother hear about this. She's been in bed with a fever all day long."

The principal reason we never closed the back-parlor door was because it was almost impossible to open again. Now Teta Lubé and I got a grip on the beveling and struggled to slide it back into its slit in the wall. Once we got it started, it rolled back like a theater curtain.

On the other side three men sat on a sofa. The one in the middle was Branko. On each side of him was a squat fat little

dark-brown man, with a wide-brimmed hat, smoking a cigar.

"Meksikanos," my aunt hissed.

Branko uncrossed his long legs and asked how I was. "This is his daughter," he said to the two men.

The Mexicans said nothing. One of them looked at his watch.

Teta Lubé addressed the group in English so that the Mexicans would not lose any insults.

"All day long, these wretches have sat here," she announced. "I closed the door so they wouldn't pollute the whole house with cigar fumes."

The Mexicans looked at her politely and blinked.

"Can't go till your father comes," Branko explained.

Teta Lubé went back into the kitchen and brought a deep soup plate for the Mexicans' cigar ashes. "That one," she accused the fattest Mexican, "asked me—no ordered me, if you please—to go to the store and buy him a cigar."

Branko shrugged his shoulders. "Fellow asked for a little favor, that's all. You can't expect us to go out. Is big danger. Good-bye Branko, if we get caught."

Teta Lubé insisted on locking them up again before we left. We pulled hard to dislodge the door from its groove. Neither Branko nor the Mexicans got up to help us.

In the kitchen Teta Lubé held her head again and moaned. "I'll be in the grave if this keeps up another hour," she said, fumbling for her handkerchief. Between threatened fainting spells, she told me what had happened.

When Branko returned to America this time, they wouldn't let him in. "No more Serbs and Montenegrins," my aunt explained. "But that didn't phase Branko. He went to Meksiko. Hung around bars and picked his teeth. Then he met these two Meksikanos. Three of a kind. For

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five hundred dollars they said they would take him over the border to America. Branko has no five hundred dollars, but his 'rich' cousin in San Francisco has. He remembers how Eva says 'Next time come c.o.d.' Good idea, Branko thinks. The Meksikans find out cousin is a good fellow and well fixed, and so they take a chance. Drive him from Tia Juana to San Francisco for five hundred dollars."

Teta Lubé's story ended in a crying spell. "I hope your father says, 'No money, boys,'" she sobbed, "and the Meksikans take Branko out and kill him. Choke him."

We sat in the kitchen cursing Branko and rehearsing speeches to make to my father, until we heard his key in the lock.

Teta Lubé pressed her temples. "Go grab him before he sees Branko," she pleaded. "Bring him in here."

We were like two steaming tea kettles filled with scalding water when we poured our story out to my father. He took the situation as a good joke. Whether it was on us or on Branko I wouldn't know until the matter of the five hundred dollars was settled.

I followed him down the hall to witness his unveiling of Branko. This time there was a scuffling sound the other side of the door. Branko and the Mexicans were helping with the pushing. When the opening was cleared, they greeted my father with more fervor than they had shown toward Teta Lubé and me. Branko introduced my father triumphantly to his guards. They took off their hats and doused their cigars in the soup plate.

"Well, boys," my father said when the preliminaries were over, "I understand you have a proposition to make me. How much is it going to cost?"

The Mexicans told a plaintive story of their adventures with Branko. This "Bronco," as they called him, was no easy customer to handle. They had taken more risks than usual with him. "Like driving a 'dawnkee,'" one of them recalled sadly.

My father didn't dicker with them on the five hundred dollar price. "Of course, I don't have that kind of money on me," he said, patting his vest pocket, "but I'll see you boys first thing in the morning when the bank opens."

They agreed to meet in a hotel in the Filipino quarter where the Mexicans had rooms. They shook hands with my father cordially.

"We wish we could always do our business with the gentlemen like you," one of them said, bowing. My father walked to the door with them and said something we couldn't hear.

"Probably apologizing because I didn't make up a pot of hot tamales for them." Teta Lubé bristled.

Branko lolled on the sofa and lit a cigarette. He gave Teta Lubé and me a full look, swollen with gloating.

I went to my room and kicked at the bed.

The next day my father got Branko a job washing dishes and again he started to save up to repay him and to get back to the old country.

"The honor of the mountains," my father would say when Branko paid his debt.

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*This continues a series of sketches of life in the Serbian colony in San Francisco, where Milla Z. Logan grew up.*

*The illustrations are by Bernadine Custer.*

## PATRONS OF RELIGION

EDWIN McNEILL POTEAT

He was passing through town after town and village after village, teaching and steadily proceeding towards Jerusalem, when some one asked Him,

'Sir, are there but few who are to be saved?'

'Strive your hardest to enter by the narrow gate,' He answered; 'for many, I tell you, will try to find a way in and will not succeed. As soon as the Master of the house has risen and shut the door, and you have begun to stand outside and knock at the door and say,

"Sir, open the door for us,"

'He will answer, "I do not know where you come from."

'Then you will plead,

"We have eaten and drunk in your company, and you have taught in our streets."

'But He will reply,

"I tell you that I do not know where you come from. Begone from me, all of you, wrongdoers!"

'There will be the weeping and gnashing of teeth, when you see Abraham and Isaac and Jacob and all the Prophets inside the Kingdom of God, and yourselves thrown out. They will come from east and west, from north and south, and will sit down at the banquet in the Kingdom of God. And mark! some now last will be first, and some now first will be last.'

Just at that time there came some Pharisees, who warned Him, saying,

'Leave this place and continue your journey; Herod means to kill you.'

'Go,' He replied, 'and take this message to that fox:

"See, to-day and to-morrow I am driving out demons and effecting cures, and on the third day I finish."

'Yet I must continue my journey to-day and to-morrow and the day following; for it is not conceivable that a Prophet should perish outside of Jerusalem.

'O Jerusalem, Jerusalem! You that murder the prophets and stone those who have been sent to you! How often have I desired to gather your children to me, as a hen gathers her brood under her wings, and you would not come!'

—Luke XIII 22-34  
(Weymouth's Translation)

Not long since, I attended a concert given by an eminent organist under most excellent auspices. As I entered the sanctuary of the beautiful church, I was handed a program, on the reverse of which was printed a list of about two hundred respectable and substantial persons who were designated as patrons. I was included. For two dollars I had been awarded a place among the city's most distinguished citizens. One is normally flattered by such acknowledgment, but on this occasion I think I was more than flattered. I was a patron of a great artist, though he was not aware of the distinction. His virtuosity was due to no co-operation from me, nor was my attendance at his concert likely to affect his art in the slightest. For two paltry dollars, I was to sit in the seat of the élite; for two paltry dollars, I was going to indulge myself with the exalted sensation that I was doing something to make

the concert a success. I was going to enjoy myself—literally; enjoy myself quite as much as the music.

It was fortunate for the good of my soul that the next day I read the story I have quoted from Luke. Jesus obviously had dealings with patrons, and it is a lively scene that is pictured. He is on His way to Jerusalem and rumors about His ministry have preceded Him. He is talking about salvation, something, by the way, which is the business with which life is totally absorbed. We are born to escape suffocation and we are saved from senile disintegration by death. We are saved from starvation by food, and saved from food by repletion. Education saves us from ignorance; medicine from sickness. We need to be saved from our enemies, and sometimes from our friends and dear ones. Most of all, perhaps, we need to be saved from ourselves. Little wonder then that One who talked absorbingly about salvation should have been the object of unanimous interest wherever He went. So when, as our story puts it, one came unto Him and said, "Master, are there but few who are to be saved?", we find ourselves listening to a question that has had sure-fire interest for everybody, ever since human life began.

The question here, however, dealt with statistics: Are they few? One can assume that the questioner may have been the spokesman of a group and that he may have represented, therefore, one or the other of two likely concerns. "Are they few?" may have been the anxious inquiry of those who, brought up on the wrong side of the tracks, had been told that salvation of every sort was the good fortune of only a select and specially ordained few. The élite, the well-born, the cultivated—to them belong the good things of life. They are saved, saved from poverty and humiliation and drudgery. Obviously the saved must be few since there isn't enough

good to go around. The masses are damned from the start; the few are saved. It sounds familiar.

This sort of thing had been so long drummed into the ears of the dispossessed by their self-styled betters that to hear it contradicted was exciting for the moment, at least. But this Galilean Rabbi had said that the salvation of the few and the perdition of the many was no dispensation of God. It was the will of the heavenly Father that none of His little ones should perish. This was revolutionary, to be sure, but it was welcome. The disinherited, upon hearing this exciting word, may have easily despatched a representative to ask whether what they had heard was true. Master, is it true that few are saved, or is it possible that many may escape the slow doom which they have uncritically accepted? They wanted Him to say, No, it is not true that salvation is the perquisite only of the well-born minority.

The other group may have lived on the right side of the tracks and, having heard the dangerous radicalism of this Peasant, sent their agent to inquire whether it was true that He was talking the nonsense they had heard reported. They had known that only a few could be saved, and that they were the few. The evidence of God's design was manifest in their soft raiment and sumptuous living. His smile was on His élite. It would be preposterous to try to reverse the divine plan and make room for the great unwashed in the spacious sanctuary of the privileged. But this Galilean had said many disquieting things. They therefore must have His unequivocal denial of any deliberate and disturbing designs upon the status quo. Were they few that be saved? Of course; the question is obviously silly, they thought; and they hoped He would say, Yes, don't worry; the manner to which you were born will not be usurped by the vulgar.

But He gratified neither group. Indeed, with that adroitness that characterized so much of His dealings with men, He turned the answer to the question so that it pointed in both directions. Salvation, He said in essence, is not a matter of statistics, of many or few. It is the reward of all those who make a difficult moral choice and stay with it. Each man elects his destiny; it is not thrust upon him. Life is a journey. One chooses his road. The alternatives are clear: a narrow road that leads to a narrow gate, or a broad road that leads to a broad gate. Some will try the narrow way, but with little enthusiasm. They'll miss the gate. Those who choose rightly and strive earnestly, they are the few; but their salvation is the result of nothing but their own choice and struggle. The narrow gate is accessible from both sides of the tracks. Here was a salvation truly democratic.

There is evidence in our story that His inquisitors were not the dispossessed, for He follows with an imaginary conversation between the Master of the House and those who had idled along the road and come to the narrow gate after it had been closed. And what He puts on the lips of the debarred does not sound like the language of the disinherited. The door is shut, but the voices from the outside reveal the pained astonishment they feel at their unexpected predicament.

"Sir, open the door for us." The demand is curt and arrogant. Why not? Had not their right to enter been abridged without warrant?

"I do not know from what family you are," comes the reply. This rendering of the sentence comes from Weymouth's footnote and throws light on an interesting circumstance. Such an answer is the surest way to insult those whose primary if not only claim to salvation is a family name. No more shocking rebuff could be offered those who, because of their family

connections, demanded entrance, than to inform them that their family name had unfortunately eluded memory!

The imaginary conversation proceeds: "Then you will plead, 'We have eaten and drunk in your company, and you have taught in our streets.'" Here is a sudden change of front. Wounded in their pride, they whimper their credentials. It is an old device, the expedient of a spirit swollen with condescension, pricked in its pride. We are tolerant people, they say. Tolerance is, in fact, the gratuity of the privileged. We did not need, they go on, to follow the stupid taboos about eating with the lesser breeds. Eating is an amenity which determines social stratifications, to be sure. But why should we not have occasionally defied such arbitrary restraints on free intercourse? Is it not decent; does it not dull the edge of social cleavage when one judiciously steps over the barrier and sits by the side of those who may be flattered by the act? Of course we do not go so far as to invite such folk to our houses. (We have eaten and drunk in your presence, not you in ours!) But there can surely be no harm in eating with colored folk so long as it doesn't go too far!

This is the first item in the credits offered by the disappointed and debarred folk. But, they continue, they have gone beyond the breaking of a social taboo; they have risked the aristocrat's chief protection. So the second credit they advance is that they have conceded the right of free speech to those whom they despise and fear. This hazards the inherent "right" of the privileged to censor the utterances of the vulgar, the contentious, the ambitious. You, they might have said, have cast doubt upon the time-tested doctrine of the superior rights of the elect. This is not only a dangerous error in itself, but, what is worse, it sows discontent among those who are satisfied in the



## PATRONS OF RELIGION

place God has put them. And yet we, with Jeffersonian urbanity (forget the anachronism) have allowed you to say these things. We are frankly not pleased, nor are we sure that truth will prevail by such lenience with error. Nevertheless we have not taken the counsel of our fears. We have regularly co-operated with interracial programs and allowed the local Negro pastor to offer prayer at the services we have held for World Brotherhood. Even when you preached your odious and revolutionary nonsense, we forbore to protest. This surely deserves acknowledgment. Think what we could have done with you if we had wanted to get tough!

The reply reports that the host beyond the door was unrelenting. Their condescension and their tolerance were unimpressive. He says: "I tell you that I do not know where you come from." He had told them that before. Somehow He had not been formally presented to these elegant folk who had thought that slumming was a benefaction and free speech the final achievement of forbearance. He had to tell them once again that He did not know them. But more: He dismissed them, actually ordered them off: "Begone from me," He shouts, "all of you, wrongdoers."

Was not this too much? One may call condescension odious and patronage offensive, but to call the practitioners of these dubious arts evil-doers seems too severe. Call them mistaken, call them stupid, call them pitiful, but why call them evil? It is just at this point that the insight of our Lord plunges into depths of understanding that we have not yet been willing to accept. The attitude of these who believe salvation to be a special privilege, the result of the fortuitous accident of race, status, or endowment is not only *mistaken*, it is *evil*. It has been easy to get on with it so long as it has been thought to be nothing more dan-

gerous than an error. Now that it can be seen as an evil so malevolent that it can plunge a world into war, it must be dealt with for what it is. For fascism is the modern dress that privilege wears, and its instruments are those that help preserve a status that will protect it. Not always tolerance, to be sure, but always tolerance if that serves its selfish ends. Not always free speech, but always free speech if its opposite threatens the status of the censors. Let us suggest two reasons why the credits offered to satisfy entrance requirements at the narrow gate were disallowed. Why, in other words, those who offered them, were evil-doers.

In the first place they were evil-doers in what they did to themselves. It is not seldom that attitudes and practices we accept with the best intentions corrupt our souls with evil. Why this is so could take us, if we allowed it, all the way back to a discussion of the nature of evil. We have more immediate and practical interests here, and they can be put in a fairly simple proposition. The error in the attitude of patronage or condescension lies in its negativism. It allows us to think that to do nothing to disparage the "lesser folk" is a sure way to applaud them; to make them the beneficiaries of our generosity is the way to fulfill their highest destiny. This is an error; nothing is more clearly documented today than the fact that such a spirit, however acceptable in the past, is repudiated today. Thus people who, in their understanding of life, have consented to this error, have done evil to themselves. Without realizing it perhaps, they have paralyzed the impulses of human brotherhood; they have substituted for positive action the luxury of pride; they have said to themselves that since God is partial to them it is not asking too much of them to be kind to those He has dispossessed. When one has allowed such a mood to possess his soul, he

has done an evil thing to himself. The mistake has subtly turned into a poison that ministers on the one hand to his pride in himself and his crowd, and on the other hand to contempt for others. This is evil, gross, palpable, destructive.

Yes, it is not only an error, an error that mistakes inaction for creative good; it is an evil. These people were called by our Lord evil-doers, not ignoramuses. The mistaken mind becomes the cruel heart, and class distinctions, invidious and disruptive, are forthwith supported by prejudices that lie deeper than the surface of our thoughts.

In the second place, they are evil-doers because of what they do to others. Perhaps if the privileged could isolate themselves, as they seek in some ways to do, we could let them alone. They are willing to run with their set, and to keep others in their place. Why not let them? Time was when such was the pattern of society. One born to the purple wore it; one born to rags aspired to nothing better. But that world is now done for, at least within that area we call the West; and what is happening to us will affect the rest of humanity sooner than we think. The smugness and pride that we have exhibited has injured our souls and we need cleansing, but it has roused anger and bitterness in the souls of others, and that means revolution! Listen: "they will come from the east and the west, from north and south and will sit down at the banquet in the Kingdom of God. And mark! some now last will be first, and some now first will be last." That is the formula of revolution.

Revolution of the sort that was let loose in Russia in 1917 and in Spain in 1936 was an evil thing, and it was the work of the evil-doers who thought patronage and condescension were the way to keep the people immured in the degradation to which centuries had con-

signed them. Whatever may be said about the ultimate good that violent revolution has achieved, bloody revolution is a hideous and evil thing. However it may be argued that at times revolution is the only expedient of the disinherited, revolution is still a ghastly instrument of social change to be avoided as much for the havoc it works among those who invoke it as for the moral obliquity into which it plunges all those who are involved. This is no place to analyze the techniques of radical change by peaceful methods; democracy rests on presuppositions that should make violent revolution unnecessary. It is to point out first that the error and the evil of the privileged in our story were the prelude to their expulsion from the Kingdom of God, and second that there is nothing in the story that implies that violent revolution is the method of their banishment.

Here is something for modern Christendom to ponder. In the political field, revolution both violent and orderly is in the making and we shall see much of its excesses and achievements in the next century. But revolution—or if a more gentle word be preferred—change must come in the heart of the Christian Community. Recall that Jesus was talking to respectable people, people of culture and substance, people who crowned their "evil-doing" with a nimbus of sincere, if half-suspicious, faith. It was shocking to be told they were shut out of the banquet, the banquet that was being prepared for them, prepared for those who were accustomed to napery and a row of forks. It was preposterous that welcome should be offered those who might fumble with the accouterments of gentility!

Nor is such a mood alien to much of our respectable Christian fellowship, and consequently it is shocking to be reminded of it. It is not so much the ill-mannered antics of avowed anti-Semitic and

anti-Negro and anti-democratic groups that imperil us. We can deal with them overtly. We know almost nothing of such folk within the churches. But there is a genteel anti-Semitism, a respectable white racialism that rarely rebukes itself because it thinks it is at most conventional and at least tacitly supported by ideas that have been thought to be Christian dogma.

Are we willing to go beyond eating and drinking with those whom taboo has relegated to segregation? Dares the church repudiate the easy tolerance that Jesus excoriated as evil? Do we think it is enough to be "liberal" in the allowances we grant to those who differ with us? Is free speech enough? Politically that may be as far as we can go, but even then it is no end in itself but a trusted device for achieving a truer democracy. How far has the tolerance of our upper middle class churches, a tolerance that prides itself on allowing its minister to speak boldly and withholds its discreet judgment that he is something of a crackpot—how far has this "evil thing" corrupted vigorous church action?

These are questions that cannot be answered here, but the mind of the church must address itself to them. For here is a quality of evil that is widespread, subtle and vitiating. And unless we accept the searching insight of One who twenty centuries ago put His probing finger on the tender spot that indicated dangerous corruption, we may find ourselves shut out of the banquet that is, even now, being thronged by those who come from the areas where hitherto we have thought the élite did not exist!

What did His generation do? It is not a pleasant thing to remember, but our episode supplies it. Some Pharisees warned

Him, so the story goes, that He had better get out of the neighborhood; Herod was unpredictable! "Get out of here," they said in effect, "get out of here and keep going." An old trick. It was not Herod He had spoken against; His quarrel with officialdom was over other matters. But it is always easy to warn those who point out our sins to us that if they are not careful some Herod—he may be a deacon, an industrialist, a Legionnaire or an ecclesiastic!—will make trouble for us.

What did Jesus do? "Go," said He, "and take this message to that fox: See, today and tomorrow I drive out demons and effect cures . . . yet I must continue my journey today and tomorrow, and the day following. . . ."

It is a tribute to the vitality of the Christian testimony that though it has faltered, been falsified and smothered, been caricatured and condemned, it still has the power today to "cast out demons" and to "effect cures." What is needed is more disciples who will walk with Him today. Others will walk with Him tomorrow, and others the day following. Our only chance is to walk with Him now. His is still the narrow way and it still invites all who choose it and strive earnestly upon it to move toward the narrow gate. Those who will enter it have no credential but their courage and no merit but their devotion.

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*Dr. Edwin McNeill Poteat, author of many volumes in the religious field and outstanding religious thinker and leader, is president of Colgate-Rochester Divinity School.*

## WISDOM TOOTH

PETER J. PACKER

LIEUTENANT Bernard Stoller was filling a cavity in one of Captain Daniel's upper molars when the three German prisoners who needed dental treatment presented themselves at the dispensary. They were accompanied by their guard and the German corporal who interpreted for them. Except for emergencies, one day each week was allocated as dental clinic for prisoners of war. This was the day.

Sergeant Wallis, assistant to the lieutenant, went into the ante-room to take a look at the new arrivals. He returned to the dental office to report.

"Two new ones this morning, sir," he said, "and the kid whose X-rays we took."

"That's a lot better than last week," Lieutenant Stoller said. He was a dark, clean-shaven man of about thirty with deep-set, friendly brown eyes and brown, wavy hair.

With deftly manipulative fingers, he looped a celluloid strip around the newly molded silicate filling in Captain Daniel's molar, and pressed it down.

"Last week there were eight of them," he told the captain. "I worked on them all morning, and the better part of the afternoon."

He maintained an even pressure on the tooth for a couple of minutes, then slipped the celluloid strip out of the captain's mouth and examined the tooth carefully.

"Perfect," he said. "You'll need a microscope to tell it's been filled."

He crossed to the wash basin and began to wash his hands. Captain Daniel rinsed his mouth, then picked up the

hand mirror and held it up to his bared teeth.

"Not bad," he admitted, putting the mirror down.

"What do you mean not bad!" Lieutenant Stoller said with mock indignation. "In private life I'd have charged you twenty bucks for a filling like that. It's a work of art!"

Captain Daniel, a blond, wiry young man of twenty-five, eased himself out of the chair and reached for his blouse.

"If that's the way you feel about it," he said with a grin, "send the bill to the finance office and tell them I said you're entitled to a five buck bonus."

He buttoned his blouse and went over to a corner of the room where he had left the brown canvas satchel containing his tennis racket, balls, and gym shoes.

Jokingly he said, "I hope the damn thing doesn't come loose if I play a couple of games of tennis this morning."

Standing by the basin drying his hands, Lieutenant Stoller eyed the captain's satchel, his lips pursed musingly.

"I haven't played tennis in two years," he said sorrowfully. "I've been moved around too much. Maybe I ought to send home for my stuff."

"Why don't you?" the captain said.

"Where do you play?"

"At the country club. They have a reduced rate out there for army personnel."

Lieutenant Stoller said, "I've been putting it off and putting it off, not knowing where I was going to be from one month to the next. I'm getting flabby as a c.i.

## WISDOM TOOTH

flapjack. This time I think I'll take a chance."

Captain Daniel put on his flighter and walked to the door. In the doorway he turned to Lieutenant Stoller and craned his head forward confidentially.

"Drill the hell out of those bastards' teeth," he whispered, eyes slipping in the direction of the ante-room.

When he was gone, Lieutenant Stoller brought his hands together with a resounding slap and rubbed them briskly.

"Clean the place up while I take a smoke," he said cheerfully to Sergeant Wallis. "Then bring on the victims."

He often used that expression in referring to his patients when he was in a good mood.

The three prisoners stood at uneasy attention in the ante-room, caps in hand, staring vaguely into space, seemingly as isolated from each other as if they were in separate rooms. They were members of a group of some two hundred prisoners of war who worked for farmers in the vicinity of the small army base in the South to which Lieutenant Stoller had been recently transferred. They were assigned to the base for administrative purposes and medical care.

Two of the prisoners were well over forty. The other, who was no more than twenty, was the prisoner whose teeth had been X-rayed, a blond, sharp-faced youth with big, bloodless ears standing well out from his head.

All the prisoners wore tieless, olive drab shirts and blue slacks with PW stencilled in white block letters on sleeves, backs, and thighs.

The guard, a private in his late thirties, sat down on the wooden bench to wait. He wore his pistol with the butt forward for left-handed use. He picked up a tattered back number of Yank from the pile of periodicals stacked on the floor beside the bench and leafed through it. He read

the "Sad Sack" strip, then shook his head in a slow, pitying fashion and turned to the cartoons on the back page.

When the clerk in the ante-room had lifted the prisoners' dental records from his files, Sergeant Wallis led the prisoners along the corridor to Lieutenant Stoller's office.

The interpreter sauntered along behind them, deliberately out of step. Frequent visits to the dispensary in the privileged role of interpreter had given him an air of independence which showed in his behavior. He was a man of about twenty-eight, his face lean and chrome-colored, vestige of a deep tan acquired long ago.

The prisoners sat down on the bench outside Lieutenant Stoller's office, waiting to be called. The two elderly prisoners sat with their thighs and shoes locked close, arms folded, staring at a War Department cartoon on the opposite wall, of Hitler and Hirohito scurrying like frightened rabbits from the downward swoop of a blockbuster.

The younger prisoner exchanged a glance with the interpreter who stood leaning against the wall. He jerked his head toward the others, his mouth curling in a jaded smile, obviously amused by the impression the cartoon was creating on his fellow prisoners.

In a little while Sergeant Wallis came out and summoned the young prisoner into the office. He rose slowly from the bench and went in. The interpreter followed him, raising his arm in a short Nazi salute when he saw the lieutenant.

Lieutenant Stoller stared at him.

"I've told you before that the salute is not necessary when you are in this building," he said evenly.

The interpreter shrugged slightly and smiled, his mouth closed, so that the smile seemed more like a sneer.

From his desk, Lieutenant Stoller picked up the X-ray pictures of the prisoner's

teeth, and returned to the chair where the prisoner was now seated, a small white towel around his neck.

The interpreter stood behind the chair, translating for the lieutenant and his patient whenever it was necessary.

"These are the X-ray pictures of your third molar tooth," the lieutenant said, shuffling the pictures through his fingers. The prisoner sat there, eyes heavy-lidded and averted, as if he were reluctant to face a man whose language he did not understand. "It will be much better for you if I take the tooth out," the lieutenant went on. "It will never grow through properly because there isn't enough room for it in your mouth. If I leave it in, your gums will always be getting infected just as they were last week."

He handed the pictures to the prisoner, who took them and looked at them without holding them up to the light, while the interpreter spoke rapidly to him in German.

"It is his wisdom tooth and he hopes it is not necessary to take it out," the interpreter said to Lieutenant Stoller after the prisoner had spoken to him.

Lieutenant Stoller took the pictures back and placed them on the tray beside the chair, smiling.

"The wisdom tooth is a superstition," he explained patiently. "He will be much happier when the tooth is out."

The prisoner sat with his jaws clenched, his eyes dark and sullen, staring at his shoes, listening to the interpretation of the doctor's statement. He muttered something in a low voice.

"He still wants to keep the tooth," the interpreter said.

Lieutenant Stoller shook his head.

"I'm sorry but I'll have to take the tooth out," he said. "It is necessary for his own health."

When this was translated to the prisoner, he frowned sulkily, he turned his

head to the interpreter, speaking plainly.

The interpreter nodded, but did not translate the man's remarks immediately. He stood there, licking his lips, his eyes shifting uncertainly.

Finally he said, "The soldier thinks you are taking the tooth out for revenge. He would like to be examined by a non-Jewish dentist."

Lieutenant Stoller looked from one to the other, his shoulders riding slowly upward as he took a deep breath. For a few moments he did not say anything, and the silence began to grow embarrassing.

Sergeant Wallis, standing on the other side of the dental chair said, "Do you want me to call the guard, sir?"

The lieutenant shook his head.

Looking squarely at the prisoner he said, "The patient will submit to any treatment I think is necessary for his welfare." His voice was firm, but quite cool. "If he refuses, he will be punished for insubordination."

The prisoner looked up at him out of the corners of his eyes, detecting the change in his voice. In a flat monotone the interpreter translated the lieutenant's warning, voicing it as if he were reading an Army regulation. The prisoner's jaw sagged, his eyes masking with resentment. He mumbled something almost inaudibly.

"He will let you take out the tooth," the interpreter said, his voice charged with hostility.

Plunging the hypodermic needle into the prisoner's lower mandible, Lieutenant Stoller saw the man's eyes roll agonizingly, his knuckles grow white on the arms of the chair. He knew the pain could be little more than a pin-prick, but he also knew that, to the prisoner, it was the beginning of his revenge; the pain a mental process he could in no way alleviate.

He stood by the window, waiting for



the man's jaw to freeze, looking out at the dun, misty southern landscape. Then he went to his instrument cabinet and selected an elevator.

He approached the prisoner who sat in the chair, his mouth open, his cheek bulging with the cotton gags which had blocked it. His eyes were closed, his breath coming in short, sighing gasps—the breath of a man in mortal fear.

As he inserted the elevator into his mouth, the man shuddered, holding his breath as if it were the last he would ever draw.

The tooth lifted easily—out almost before the prisoner was aware that the extraction had begun. The lieutenant dropped the tooth on the tray. The elevator clattered into the sterilizer.

The prisoner's eyes opened, bugging at the tooth. The interpreter bent forward and stared at it. It was a large, twin-rooted tooth, its crown curiously serrated and uneven like a pebble eroded and misshapen by friction.

"This man will not be fit for work today," Lieutenant Stoller told the interpreter. "When he leaves here, see that he returns to his quarters. In two or three hours when the novocaine wears off, it is going to be very painful for a while." He handed the prisoner a small envelope containing two tablets. "If the pain is bad, take these."

The prisoner squirmed out of the chair and stood there tapping tentatively at his jaw with a loosely clenched fist. The interpreter took his arm and led him from the room, but he turned in the doorway to stare at the doctor, his eyes narrowed curiously.

As Lieutenant Stoller walked over to the basin to wash his hands, the telephone rang. Sergeant Wallis answered it.

"It's for you, sir," he said.

The lieutenant finished washing and drying his hands before he crossed to the telephone.

"This is Captain Daniel," he heard, when he had given his name.

"Don't tell me you lost that filling."

Daniel laughed shortly. "Nothing like that. It's about the club. I met Major Mendenhall on the tennis courts. He's on the membership committee—takes care of all Army applications for membership." There was a momentary pause and he heard Daniel clear his throat. "I put your name up, but Mendenhall said they won't take you."

"What the hell are you talking about?" Stoller said.

"It's a damn shame," Daniel continued painfully, "but Mendenhall says the club is restricted, and he doesn't think it's worth making an issue of it though I tried to get him to change his mind."

"You shouldn't have tried."

"Gosh—I wish there was something I could do about it."

"Forget it, man," Lieutenant Stoller said. "I can always go for a good long hike."

"And here was I, thinking I could save you a little trouble," Captain Daniel said regretfully. "Anyway, you won't have to stick your neck out."

"No, I guess not," Lieutenant Stoller answered. "And thanks for calling."

He hung up quickly.

He stood by the desk for a while, staring at a stack of dental records which had not yet been entered in his log. Then he turned to Sergeant Wallis. "Bring on the next victim, Sergeant," he said. But there was neither the usual cheerfulness in his voice when he used that expression, nor bitterness. In fact, as he realized that he had said it, he thought it rather odd he should have used the expression at all.

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*English-born, Peter J. Packer came to the United States in 1938. On inactive status after three and a half years in the Army Air Corps, he is now at work on a novel and a play.*

## PREScription FOR PREJUDICE

MARIAN MOWATT AND  
MARGERY E. GULBRANSEN

IN THE big Harlem kitchen, a soft southern drawl mixed with the clatter of spoons and tea cups.

"I'd like to help serve, if I may." It was a white guest speaking to her Negro hostess.

At the moment, the girl from Dixie was enjoying the well-appointed tea party too much to be amazed at her own impulsive friendliness toward the dark-skinned woman before her. She would have time for amazement later. She would also have time to learn that, quite unknown to herself, she was taking part in a scientific experiment which was to become a model for psychologists. It was also an experiment which might in time point one of the surest ways to bridge the gulf which divides men and women of different races.

Psychologists have long tried to devise methods for changing prejudice toward racial and national groups. Their students have sat patiently through movies, lectures, courses on the Chinese, the Negro, the Jew, and have emerged hardly more "tolerant" than they were before.

It remained for Dr. F. Tredwell Smith and his 354 human "guinea pigs" at Teachers College, Columbia University, to prove that a vivid, real-life experience can change the attitude of white Americans toward black Americans.

Dr. Smith's now famous experiment began on a day when a carefully prepared battery of written tests was presented to each of the "guinea pigs"—all Teachers

College enrollees and graduate students from every part of the United States.

The tests bristled with such leading questions as, "If you went into a cafeteria in a northern town, sat down, and then realized that you were at a table with a Negro, would you leave the table?" "Would most Negroes, if not held in their places, become officious, overbearing and disagreeable?" "In a community in which the Negroes outnumber the whites, under what circumstances is the lynching of a Negro justifiable?"

With embarrassing persistence the quiz went on to determine attitudes in almost every imaginable situation.

"Would you accept a Negro as guest in your home, guest at the theatre, intimate chum?" "Would you admit him as a fellow student in your class, an elected leader, a member of your social set?" "Would you accept him in the same stateroom or same sleeping car?"

The students were urged to answer as they really felt, not as they thought they ought to feel. Indeed, the test directions pointed out, "There are no 'right' answers. Simply try to be as accurate as possible."

Once the whole group had been quizzed, test scores were totaled.

The experiment proper was now under way. Invitations to attend a Harlem Seminar on two consecutive weekends were issued. A highly unusual affair, it offered four fascinating—and inexpensive—days, with opportunity to inspect the rare

## PRESCRIPTION FOR PREJUDICE

Schomberg collection of Negro manuscripts, to meet such famous Negroes as author Countee Cullen and sociologist Ira Reid, and to visit churches, hospitals, modern apartment houses.

In the end, 46 people undertook this journey into a world as little known to most whites as the heart of Africa. The average age of the adventurers was 33. They no doubt thought their own attitudes quite "jelled," and they did not know that they were part of an experiment.

If they secretly expected to find themselves in a lurid land of bars and zoot suits, they were quickly disenchanted. As their first host, the editor of a nationally known Negro magazine, pointed out, 90 per cent of Harlem's much publicized night clubs are owned by white men. Most exclude black guests, he went on. Negro entertainers are there to furnish atmosphere for tourists and jaded "slumming" parties.

In this largest Negro city in the world, the Columbia students found tastefully decorated social centers, handsome churches, ministers with learning and eloquence rivaling Manhattan's white best; found scholars, doctors, poets, musicians, social workers.

They were entertained in finely appointed Negro homes. They visited a Roman Catholic Church where blacks and whites worshipped side by side. They discovered Harlem mothers as eager to improve their children's schools as mothers anywhere. They pored over the poems of an African slave who in the 16th century had become the protégé of Don Juan of Austria and a professor of Latin and Greek at the Royal College of Grenada! They met Paul Robeson, discussed music with him. And they sensed the thinly veiled bitterness of some educated Negroes who had met with discrimination and humiliation.

At the end of the four days the students must have had to remind themselves wonderingly that this cultured Negro world was only ten blocks distant from their own Columbia campus. But Dr. Smith was not yet done with them. Ten days after the last Harlem visit, he gave again the attitude tests, both to the adventurous 46 and to a "control group," similar in original prejudice as well as in age and geographical background.

Results showed that the "control group" remained fixed in its prejudice. But the average score of those who had attended the Seminar was astonishingly higher! Attitudes toward the Negro were significantly favorable. *40 of the original 46 had become markedly more tolerant.*

An amazing number now frowned upon segregation; were willing to eat with Negroes, to accept them as escorts, to have them as close friends. They were respectful, even awed, by Negro abilities; no longer thought of them as "old black mammies" or "Uncle Toms."

"It all depends on the personality, not the color," said one student.

"It helped me to see and think of Negroes as individuals," said another.

At the end of 10 months a further retest by Dr. Smith showed that 35 of the 46—or over three quarters of the group—remained less prejudiced than they had originally been. Over half were markedly less.

So short a period of time as two weekends had accomplished so much.

Does this success point the way to a practical technique for decreasing race prejudice?

Certainly Columbia University has no monopoly on sincere white students, nor has Harlem a monopoly on educated Negroes. One needs only to be reminded that there are well over 115,000 Negro professional people in the United States—54,000 teachers, for instance, 25,000

## COMMON GROUND

ministers, 10,000 musicians. Almost all should be eager to co-operate with any group, in church or school or social center, which wished to conduct a "Harlem Seminar" in its own community.

Such a group might do well to remember some of Dr. Smith's safeguards.

First and foremost, the patient interest of leading Negroes had to be enlisted. They willingly offered their hospitality when the plan was explained to them. Secondly, the Seminar was carefully planned to go from more familiar to more unusual situations, in a gradual and natural way. The first meals, though held in a Negro ywca, were not shared with Negroes at the same table. The first meetings were held in familiar types of public places such as churches and social centers. It was later that the students went into Negro homes.

The steps were gradual, but they were taken. Southerner and Northerner, liberal and conservative, nearly all were glad that they had done so.

"To me the two weekends spent . . . in Harlem constitute one of the highest spots of the year I spent in New York

City." "It has given me an entirely different idea of Negro life and the possibilities of the Negro." "My appreciation of Negroes is going to make me see . . . that we are all very, very much alike." "I am remaking my attitudes!"

So wrote the students.

Once again the proponents of the time-honored doctrine that "you can't change human nature" had met defeat. To Dr. Smith, as to his fellow modern psychologists, man is a malleable creature.

He does not *inherit* race prejudice, or, as a matter of fact, any of his prejudices. He *acquires* them by various real life experiences. Dr. Smith has scientifically proved—what right-thinking people have long believed—that by different real life experiences, compounded of genuine friendliness and respect, he can in large measure slough them off!

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*Dr. Marian Mowatt is an instructor in the psychology department at the Carnegie Institute of Technology, and Margery E. Gulbransen is a free-lance writer whose short stories have appeared in Decade, Woman's Day, and Everywoman's.*

## GRADUATION

LANGSTON HUGHES

Cinnamon and rayon,  
Jet and coconut eyes,  
Mary Lulu Jackson  
Smooths the skirt  
At her thighs.

Mama, portly oven,  
Brings remainders from the kitchen

## GRADUATION

Where the people all are icebergs  
Wrapped in checks and wealthy.

*DIPLOMA* in its new frame:  
Mary Lulu Jackson,  
Eating chicken,  
Tells her mama she's a typist  
And the clicking of the keys  
Will spell the name  
Of a job in a fine office  
Far removed from basic oven,  
Cookstoves,  
And iceberg's kitchen.

Mama says, Praise Jesus!  
Until then  
I'll bring home chicken.

The *DIPLOMA* bursts its frame  
To scatter star-dust in their eyes.

Mama says, Praise Jesus!  
The colored race will rise!

Mama says,  
Praise Jesus!

Then,  
Because she's tired,  
She sighs.

---

Internationally known poet and playwright, Langston Hughes is a member of the advisory editorial board of *COMMON GROUND* and a frequent contributor to its pages.

# THE FATHER OF AN AMERICAN

DAVID OLLAN

HAVE you ever experienced the feeling of being an American? Probably not, if you are native-born. You take being an American for granted. It is the naturalized American who experiences it continually. It is not exactly being or becoming something. It is a state of being between what he was and what he is constantly becoming. That is why for a naturalized American his being an American is an alive, pulsating consciousness. He is sensitive, proud, almost jealous about it. You can see it when he travels abroad; you can note it at home among his own kind, in his effort to speak a better English than the rest in his company, in the glint in his eye when he buys a baseball bat for his "kid," in all his daily activities typical of his adopted country. Of all that America has given, the assurance that he is accepted as an American is the most gratifying to the naturalized American.

It was a hot summer evening, around five-thirty, a few years before Pearl Harbor, when Johnny, the fourteen-year-old son of our Armenian neighbors, called on me to say that his father, Krikor, wanted to see me right away.

The "right away" sounded like the dynamic, impulsive Krikor. But the hour of the day left no doubt that the call was really urgent. Otherwise, at five-thirty, Krikor, jolly and bountifully friendly as he is at other times, would be incommunicado to the world. This was the moment when he "lived his hour," as he used to put it. On getting home from work at

around five-thirty, he would prepare an assortment of snacks—he would let no one else prepare them for him—and, with a generous portion of mastika, always in the same Persian bottle of a delicate blue with exquisitely curved neck and beak, he would settle himself on the sofa in the living room, turn on the radio, and listen to the news commentators. His own simultaneous running commentary, chopped by his excitement into incoherent statements or brief curses in Armenian, Turkish, or English, or in all three, and all uttered between hurried gulps of the mastika, would soon drown out the radio. This was his way of taking stock of man and things, the world, the universe itself.

Johnny had his baseball glove and ball with him. "Out for your usual evening game?" I asked as we left my apartment.

"Not tonight. Not right now, anyway. Dad wants me to stick around when you come," he answered. The boy was dejected. Something was wrong.

Yet the living room, where I found Krikor in his shirt sleeves sitting in his usual corner of the sofa near the radio, had no air of any emergency. Everything was in its place. It was the same heavily placid, orderly room. Then I realized the radio was not on. The short low table in front of Krikor was bare of the usual snacks; the mastika was in its commercial bottle instead of in Krikor's favorite Persian vessel.

"Go bring a drinking glass," Krikor ordered Johnny, without budging, without as much as shifting his eyes from a



particular spot on the Oriental rug. I sat watching him. His round shoulders appeared rounder and his short, thick neck was completely sunk into his powerful trunk.

When Johnny came in with the glass, Krikor did not wait for him to put it on the table. He snatched it from him and filled it to the brim with mastika. "Here, have a drink." He held the glass to me, half spilling it. I wished he had spilled more. Mastika is strong stuff, but Krikor drank it straight. It is a Greek drink, very popular in the Eastern Mediterranean region, akin to gin, perhaps stronger, albeit with gentler manners. I had to drink it, and drink it in the bottoms-up

He wiped the perspiration off his face and bald head and powerful, hairy arms. His brown eyes, fierce with a subdued anger and half lost in his bushy eyebrows, fell on me. "Life means nothing, see, because I am nobody," he said. "Nobody, see," he repeated.

Johnny was restless and was palming his ball in his glove. Krikor turned on him, almost shouting. "Quit it! He is always playing, playing baseball. Now you don't play no more American games, see!"

In a quick jerky movement he turned to me. "You drink," he said, and refilled his glass. "You drink, too. I am very sad." My drink followed his. I had hardly finished mine when he filled his glass again.



manner Krikor drank and wanted his friends to drink.

Armenians drink to one's life. Therefore, "Here is to health, to life," I said as I gulped the liquid.

There was no response.

Then Krikor spoke. "What is health! What is life! Life means nothing!" He filled his glass and downed the mastika.

In words wrung through his tightly closed jaws, he said, "So I am not an American, ha!" He tossed off his drink. "Just a god-dam foreigner, ha!"

For a minute or two neither of us spoke.

Then, "He knew I was right," he began, in a depressed monotonous soliloquy. "That's what made me madder than

anything. But maybe I shouldn't have told him shut up. But if I hadn't told him shut up, I would have hit him, I was so mad. But I didn't want to hit him. Joe is a nice fellow." He reached to fill his glass.

"Everybody knows I am A-1 finisher, no?" he said, looking at me for confirmation. I nodded. Both inside and out of his profession of engraving Krikor was known as one of the best in his line.

"Fifteen years in my uncle's shop and two years here in this new shop my work always ok. But today what happens? Today much rush work. One plate has solid spot. Needs deep etching. Joe—he is an etcher, good man, too—he comes and says, Greg—they call me Greg in the shop—hey, Greg, too busy, paint the spot yourself, will ya? So I paint it and send it back to him."

He paused for a minute, then shook his head.

"Soon foreman comes to me with proof and says, what the hell is the matter with you! Take a look at this. Don't you know how to paint a spot! You must have painted the damn thing weak! I tell him, who told you I have painted it weak. He says, Joe. I say, call Joe here. Joe comes and says same thing. I get mad, very mad. I feel I am looking at two dead man. I feel I have killed both of them already. I see Joe is going away. I jump up, pull him by the arm. Shut up, I say. You know damn well you chewed the thing, I say—means left plate in acid too long. Foreman says to Joe, why didn't you check to see if the spot was not painted right? I tell him it was painted right. But he goes away. Then Joe, he turns on me and says—" Krikor stopped short and looked at me at length. "—Joe, he says, what the hell do you know, you goddam foreigner!"

Krikor filled his glass, wiped the perspiration from his face. "I did not hit him

with that plate. Now I am surprised that I did not. That is all I was thinking: to hit him or not hit him." He drank. "A goddam foreigner, ha!" Shaking his fist and straining hard to control himself, he said, "I am an American citizen, no?"

The warm eagerness in his voice and the painful pleading on his face deserved a better answer than the one I gave. "Yes, of course," I said, inadequately.

As he had told his story, the room, familiar as it was to me, had assumed a new meaning—that incongruously decorated room. It was a symbol of the willingly accepted compromise existence which is the life of a naturalized American, a life that never knows the calm, spontaneous, and matter-of-fact happiness of a deeply rooted and steadfast indigenous existence, a life which, in spite of its being wrapped in material comforts, is constantly exposed to new impressions, new pressures, new sentiments and thoughts, and thus is sensitive and likely to be hurt. This was a room where a naturalized American was being an American.

On one wall hung an etching of George Washington. Not far from it was a picture of Khrimian Hayrig, an Armenian Catholigos, head of the church and patriot, benign and patriarchal in appearance. On another wall was a lithograph of the Grand Canyon and close to it a desert oasis scene of Arabs and camels, a reminder that Krikor's wife was from Syria. An ornate handwrought Damascus floor lamp in brass was in one corner, whereas an ultra-modern gift-shop table lamp stood on a small table near a pair of attractive bookends holding several volumes of *The Book of Knowledge*. The largest wall, facing the sofa, was reserved for the Declaration of Independence, in a heavy mahogany frame.

Krikor turned from me abruptly after my lame answer and summoned Johnny. "Come here. Sit by me."

## THE FATHER OF AN AMERICAN

Johnny had followed Krikor's story closely and seemed to be holding onto his glove and ball with apparent effort. Visibly he shared his father's sadness. He went toward him now and sat on the sofa by his side. Krikor put his arm around him and, turning to me again, said, "My boy is smart, see? My boy is American, see? He knows all the answers." Then, to Johnny, pointing at the likeness of George Washington on the wall, he said, "Who is he? Who is that gentleman?"

"Washington, George Washington, of course, Dad, the father of our country."

"Whose country?" asked Krikor sharply.

Johnny did not hesitate. "Our country. America." He jumped up, and reached for his ball.

"Wait a minute, Johnny," Krikor said. He was searching for an answer. "So my son Johnny is an American, but I am a goddam foreigner."

Johnny made a gesture as if pitching his ball and said, "Oh, Dad, why do you get so mad? Why didn't you tell Joe you're not a—" He nearly repeated the word Joe had used but stopped himself. "Why didn't you tell Joe you're not a foreigner. Why didn't you tell him that

—that you are at least the father of an American?"

Triumphantly he ran out of the room with his glove and ball.

Krikor and I were recalling all this the other day. We were looking at his one-star service flag, hung proudly now next to the Declaration of Independence on the large wall, while a poster with the slogan "Remember Pearl Harbor" hangs on the other.

Krikor turned to me after we had gazed at the wall—at what must be for him an American Pantheon—and with much rejoicing in his voice, he said, "You know what? This morning Joe ran to me and said, We gonna celebrate when we quit tonight, you and me. I got something to tell you. So then we had a drink when we left the shop. And you know what he told me? He said his kid had run into Johnny in some long-named town over there in Germany!"

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*David Ollan was born in Istanbul and came to America in 1922. He is a lecturer, art critic, and actor, and this is his first published story.*

*The sketch is by Bernadine Custer.*

# • The Pursuit of Liberty •

CONDUCTED BY MILTON R. KONVITZ

## THE RIGHT TO DEPORT AND THE HARRY BRIDGES CASE

WITH one rare and unhappy exception, the American government did not claim the right to expel anyone from the country until the Chinese Exclusion Laws were passed in the 1880s, which laws contained provisions for the deportation of Chinese persons arriving here illegally. We set the example for other countries: Great Britain followed with a deportation law in 1905.

Let us look for a moment at the beginning of things: In 1798 a cocky Federal Party passed the notorious Alien Act, which authorized the President to expel from the country any alien whom he regarded as dangerous to the public peace or safety, or whom he believed plotting against the country. The act was to expire in two years.

But no aliens were expelled under this law. Jefferson and Madison made this act, together with the Sedition Act, the basis of attack in the Kentucky and Virginia Resolutions of 1799, which declared the acts unconstitutional. The acts were an important factor in the defeat of the Federal Party in 1800, and in its final ruin. The popular resentment against the Alien Act was strong because it denied the right of trial by jury to a person arrested for deportation, and because it gave the President judicial powers.

When the Chinese Exclusion Laws were passed, deportation was resorted to as an auxiliary arm of the policy of exclusion: for without provision for deportation, an illegal entry would be final. As exclusion broadened, however, de-

portation broadened, too, until it has acquired a status of independence, as it was intended to have under the 1798 Alien Act. For deportation is used now not only against illegal entrants, but also against aliens eligible to enter. It is a process which affects all aliens morally and psychologically, because it hangs like a sword of Damocles over their heads; and there are today 3,500,000 alien residents in the United States.

In the first important case before the United States Supreme Court testing the constitutionality of the deportation process, the court held that the right of the government to expel or deport foreigners "is as absolute and unqualified as the right to prohibit and prevent their entrance into the country." The reception of an alien, said the court, was a matter of pure permission, or simple tolerance, and creates no obligation. The government has the inalienable and inherent right to exclude or expel all aliens or any class of aliens, "absolutely or upon certain conditions, in war or in peace." They may be expelled by administrative order, if that is the procedure provided by Congress: the alien ordered deported has no constitutional claim to a court trial to determine whether or not he may be expelled.

This assertion of absolute power over the alien within our gates did not pass unchallenged. Three of the Justices of the Supreme Court dissented, contending that persons legally here are within the protection of the Constitution and are secured against oppression and wrong. An

## THE PURSUIT OF LIBERTY

alien in this country, they contended, is under the bonds of allegiance to the United States; he pays the same price for legal protection as does the citizen. Deportation, they said, is punishment, and the process of punishment is limited by the due process clause of the Fifth Amendment. One of the dissenters ended his opinion with the following question: "In view of this enactment of the highest legislative body of the foremost Christian nation, may not the thoughtful Chinese disciple of Confucius fairly ask, Why do they send missionaries here?" Another Justice ended his dissenting opinion with the statement: "I cannot but regard the decision as a blow against constitutional liberty."

This Fong Yue Ting decision was made by the court fifty-two years ago. Now, in the *Harry Bridges* case, the court has rendered another notable decision in a case involving the power to deport, but this time the decision was in favor of the alien and against the power asserted by the government. The latter case involved the power to deport because of the opinions, social or political, entertained by the alien. The case is, therefore, doubly significant: from the standpoint of rights of aliens, and from the standpoint of freedom of speech and the press.

In 1903 Congress passed the first act authorizing deportation on account of proscribed opinions. The act was ostensibly aimed at anarchists. Under this act the Supreme Court affirmed an order for the deportation of an alien, eleven years a legal resident of the United States, for possession of anarchist literature. The deportation frenzy from 1920 to 1930 led to many unjust results. But the cause célèbre is the *Bridges* case.

In this case Mr. Justice Murphy, in a concurring opinion, declared that the case is "a monument to man's intolerance of

man." A chronological outline of the case will bear out this assertion:

1934: Agitation begun to deport Bridges, West Coast labor leader from Australia.

1936: Special memorandum by three members of the Immigration and Naturalization Service to the Secretary of Labor, stating that a complete review of the evidence and facts revealed that there was no legal basis for deportation.

March 2, 1938: First warrant of arrest issued by Secretary of Labor. Warrant not prosecuted pending Supreme Court decision in *Kessler v. Strecker*.

April, 1939: Decision in above-named case.

July 10, 1939: *Bridges* case heard by Dean Landis for the Labor Department.

September 14, 1939: Hearing completed.

December 28, 1939: Dean Landis's opinion that Bridges was not subject to deportation.

January 8, 1940: Secretary of Labor cancelled warrant of arrest on basis of Landis recommendation.

April, 1940: Immigration and Naturalization Service transferred from Labor Department to Department of Justice by order of President.

May 14, 1940: Bill to deport Bridges introduced in House of Representatives; passed by House but not by Senate.

June 28, 1940: Congress amended Immigration Act, to take the *Bridges* case out of the decision in the *Strecker* case and make Bridges deportable.

February 12, 1941: Second warrant of arrest issued by the Attorney General.

March 31, 1941: Case heard by Judge Sears for the Department of Justice.

June 12, 1941: Hearing completed.

September 26, 1941: Opinion by Sears that Bridges may be deported.

January 3, 1942: Opinion by Board of Immigration Appeals recommending to

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- Attorney General that deportation proceedings be dropped.
- May 28, 1942: Decision by Attorney General, reversing Board of Immigration Appeals and sustaining Sears that deportation be ordered.
- February 8, 1943: Decision by United States District Court, dismissing petition for writ of habeas corpus filed by Bridges.
- June 26, 1944: Decision by Circuit Court of Appeals sustaining lower court decision.
- June 18, 1945: Decision by Supreme Court reversing lower courts' decisions and sustaining petition for writ of habeas corpus.

Sacco and Vanzetti were due-processed to death; Bridges had been nearly due-processed to deportation. He was saved by one vote in the Supreme Court; for the decision was five to three. Had the vote been four to four, the decision appealed from would have been automatically affirmed.

The Supreme Court majority ordered cancellation of the deportation warrant issued because of Bridges' alleged membership in, and affiliation with, Communist organizations. Justices Douglas, Reed, Rutledge, Black, and Murphy made up the majority. Chief Justice Stone and Justices Roberts and Frankfurter dissented. Mr. Justice Jackson did not participate.

The court reversed the judgment on two grounds: (1) the meaning of "affiliation" was misconstrued; for "co-operation" with proscribed organizations in wholly legitimate objectives cannot be said to be "affiliation"; (2) evidence relat-

ing to Bridges' membership in the Communist Party had been improperly received, and this made the hearing before Sears unfair.

Unfortunately, the majority opinion side-stepped the question of the constitutionality of the act requiring deportation of aliens for membership in, or affiliation with, proscribed organizations. Mr. Justice Murphy, however, in his concurring opinion said that the statute was unconstitutional. The following passage from Murphy's opinion is especially notable:

"There is no justifiable reason for discarding the democratic and humane tenets of our legal system and descending to the practice of despotism in dealing with deportation. . . . Our concern in this case does not halt with the fate of Harry Bridges, an alien whose constitutional rights have been grossly violated. The liberties of 3,500,000 other aliens in this nation are also at stake. It would be a dismal prospect for them to discover that their freedom in the United States is dependent upon their conformity to the popular notions of the moment. But they need not make that discovery. The Bill of Rights belongs to them as well as to all citizens."

Chief Justice Fuller and Justices Brewer and Field found themselves dissenters in the *Fong Yue Ting* case in 1893. Fortunately, in 1945 Mr. Justice Murphy could say what he did in a concurring, rather than in a dissenting, opinion. This is no small favor, for which we should be thankful. Progress in the refinement of the concept of due process of law has definitely been made.



## • Intergroup Education •

CONDUCTED BY LEO SHAPIRO

ONE measure of the progress of intergroup education is the increasing number of workshops in intercultural techniques. The Summer issue of *COMMON GROUND* mentioned four workshops conducted under the auspices of the Bureau for Intercultural Education at Teachers College of Columbia University, Goddard College in Vermont, the College of Education of the University of Minnesota, and the School of Education of Stanford University. In addition, the National Conference of Christians and Jews sponsored others at Vassar College, the University of California, the University of Denver, Eau Claire State Teachers College in Wisconsin, Harvard University, Milwaukee State Teachers College, the University of Oregon, Syracuse University, the University of Wisconsin, and the University of Chicago.

Of special interest was the workshop conducted at Reed College in Portland, Oregon, under the joint auspices of the State Board of Higher Education, the Portland School District, the National Conference of Christians and Jews, the Catholic School System, and the school system of Vanport, a new temporary community of 40,000 people living in emergency housing for Kaiser shipyard workers. Teachers were assigned from the public schools of Portland and Vanport, as well as from the Catholic schools. The task of directing the intercultural program in the Portland public schools has been delegated to Assistant Superintendent Watt Long.

How workshops in intercultural education co-operate with teachers and com-

munity leaders is suggested by the experience of the Board of Education of Dade County, Florida. During the Spring of last year, the Dade County Board evolved a plan embodying the appointment of teachers to study various systems of intercultural education and adapt them to the Miami area. That summer, three teachers were sent to the Harvard Workshop, among them Malvina Weiss.

Miss Weiss developed an interesting outline which she called a "Plan for a One Year Program of Education in Intercultural Relations for Teachers-in-Service in Dade County." In her introduction to the plan, she cites some of the problems and aims she believes important: "In the face of lack of adequate teacher preparedness," she states, "it seems wise to proceed with caution. Perhaps the objectives for the first year of the program should be devoted to such things as creating an awareness in teachers of existing problems in intercultural education and human relations; developing (if only in the minds of a comparatively small group) some techniques of thinking which will make them more objective in their considerations of causes of and solutions for intercultural problems; and making them more sensitive to ways in which they treat their own students and to the kinds of incidental references they make to intercultural problems, irrespective of the subjects they teach."

Miss Weiss' program is a brief but admirably concrete analysis which goes into problems, objectives, and procedures and, under the last, makes valuable suggestions on background building, action within the school structure (one of the points under

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sources of information is "Subscribe for County to such publications as COMMON GROUND"), action in the community, publications, exhibits, movies, and resource speakers. The books recommended include Carey McWilliams' *Brothers Under the Skin*, Otto Klineberg's *Race and Race Differences*, Gunnar Myrdal's *An American Dilemma*; the movies, "Americans All," "The World We Want to Live In," "The Negro Soldier."

The plan was presented to Superintendent of Schools James Wilson, who accepted it enthusiastically. Much has already been done in laying the groundwork for the program. Last year, Central Beach Elementary School in Miami had, for the first time, a Hanukkah-Christmas pantomime play, written by Miss Weiss, which interpreted the two religious holidays.

Much—possibly most—of the day-to-day work in intercultural education must be done by teachers—teachers with intelligence and imagination. One of these is Mrs. Rochelle Lee, who has developed a dynamic unit, "Understanding Our Neighbors," for her sixth grade class in River Forest, Illinois.

The objectives are to "stress the underlying similarity of all people"; to "gain an understanding of the problems that arise because of differences due to religion, color, and nationality"; to "study the contributions of the common man as well as the contributions of individuals"; to "come to some conclusion as to what we can do to combat prejudice and intolerance."

To accomplish these aims, the youngsters visited various culture centers in Chicago—the George C. Hall Library, Wells-town Public Housing Project, Chinatown. They saw films—"Races of Mankind," "Getting Acquainted with Jewish Neighbors." They heard various speakers on the ethnic groups in which they were inter-

ested. They studied the art, music, and literature of these groups.

Mrs. Lee thinks that probably the most eventful day of the year was that on which the class played host to the sixth grade of Maywood, a neighboring community. Of the twenty-two children from Maywood, eighteen were Negro. The two groups played kickball and baseball, and afterwards had an informal get-together and refreshments. The River Forest youngsters made quite a few comments afterwards—like these: "They were wonderful kids and I sure hope that I will meet lots more like them." "One of the things I noticed about the Maywood children was that they weren't any different from ourselves. When we were out playing baseball, I noticed that they played just as good as our school, if not better." "One of the most pleasant and most interesting experiences of my life." "I think I will remember this day forever."

At the end of the entire unit, Mrs. Lee's pupils composed the following declaration. It is worth reading—and remembering.

"We believe in equal rights for all people and will try to obtain them by:

1. Studying about people in America and in other lands.
2. Not listening to, believing in, or spreading rumors.
3. Making no general statement about any group.
4. Helping to eliminate any neighborhood restrictions against people because of their race, religion, or nationality.
5. Not thinking that we are any better than any other group of people.
6. Judging each person by his or her character.
7. Not blaming other groups of people for difficulties that arise.
8. Understanding and trying to work out the problems of all people.

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9. Helping to do away with the poll tax and Jim Crow system.

10. Meeting more people of all religions, races, and nationalities.

11. Supporting all organizations for the advancement of minority groups.

12. Having adequate living conditions for all people.

13. Helping other people understand the causes and foolishness of race prejudice.

14. Providing equal job opportunities for all people.

15. Believing that all people will do well if they have sufficient opportunities.

We promise to try to live up to this creed and build a better world."

In the past three years, Lula School of Lula, Georgia ("in the foothills of North Georgia, 15 miles from Gainesville"), has edged its way into public notice. Dr. M. D. Collins, Georgia's State Superintendent of Schools, has commended it as doing a "unique piece of work." The Department of Education in Washington, D.C., has singled it out for unusual service to the war effort. Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt has praised its work highly. Aubrey Williams, after visiting and seeing the school in action for a week, stated that he wished his sons could have had the opportunity to attend Lula High School.

Much of this good work—the people of Lula say *all* of it—is the result of the energy of Don L. West, who has been Superintendent of Schools for three years. Superintendent West believes in Education for Victory, and he takes his beliefs seriously. Formerly a Congregationalist minister, he insists with a good deal of vehemence that the time has come for the South to repudiate the prejudice and intolerance of the political demagogues and accept in their place the enlightened and practical idealism of Arnall, Hill, Pepper.

A good sample of West's methods is

contained in the school paper. It is called *The Monthly Scrapper*—"The first high school student paper to appear in printed form in Hall County." Motto: "In order to teach democracy, teachers must themselves be free spirits." One page in the issue before me consists of comments by Seniors evaluating "The Experiences That Have Meant Most to Me in High School." A boy writes, "Mr. D. L. West . . . has helped us all to learn how to go out in life and make friends and get along with people and not hold prejudices against anybody because they may not be our color or nationality." A girl, the editor of the paper: "I'll have to admit that I've certainly changed my mind about many things in the past year. I had my mind set on things, based on prejudice rather than facts."

The opposite page has a number of letters from people outside the school. One runs: "I want to congratulate you most heartily on the last issue of the *Scrapper*. It is a consistently interesting paper. . . . Please keep up the good work. You have no idea what such a paper as yours means to those of us who believe sincerely in the vitality of the South and rejoice in all such positive and encouraging signs. You are doing a great job, whether you know it or not." The letter is signed—Henrietta Buckmaster.

Other letters on the page are from the editor of a school paper in Burbank, California; the editor of *Propaganda Battlefront* in New York; a minister of a church in Warren, Ohio; the principal of a high school in Carlsbad, New Mexico. Especially interesting is the letter from a serviceman "somewhere on the battlefield" who writes: ". . . I think the *Scrapper* is the best school newspaper I have ever read. . . . I read it in a fox hole while bullets were whining over my head. . . . It encouraged me a lot to read about how the folks back at home, especially our

school, were doing their part to back us up in winning the war against fascism."

There are a lot of other things in the paper that are worth discussing—the news from classes; the editorials on democracy in the school and home; the student book reviews of *Seventh Cross*, *Under Cover*, *Last Frontier*, *The Rainbow*, *Freedom Road*, *Deep River*.

Superintendent West's own column is nothing to by-pass. The one I have here opens rascily with a quotation from Emma Lazarus' inscription on the base of the Statue of Liberty and points up the issue of Emma Lazarus vs. prejudice; considers false patriotism in the light of "Not everyone who says 'Lord, Lord'"; tells a favorite story of Quentin Reynolds' (a rather good one, about the fellow in the resort who complained that New York was awful because it had so many Jews, and Quent said he had been to a place that was full of them—the First Division in Sicily. "Full of Jews. It will please you to know a hell of a lot of them were killed"); comments on the fascist implications of racism. Then West concludes: "Education can do a lot. It must do more. . . . Teachers today must assume their responsibility as builders of the future in the spiritual realm of character and attitude. To do that they must first be free in spirit themselves, and they must search their own hearts to cleanse them from even the faintest possible taint of Hitler's racism. This is the best insurance for an abundant future in terms of human life and welfare!"

Superintendent West has left Lula to study at Chicago and Columbia. He will make an important contribution wherever he goes.

A fairly significant indication of the aims—at least the formal and official aims—of a board of education is its declaration of policy with respect to intercultural edu-

cation. General Circular No. 34 of the Board of Education of New York City is typical, and although it was first promulgated some time ago, it has been used as a kind of model in so many places that parts of it deserve to be set down here:

"That each one of us turn the searchlight upon his own conscience to examine his conduct in relation to those who differ from us racially, nationally, religiously. . . .

"That the head of each school set the example of openmindedness, of fair play, of neither bias nor prejudice in his relation to his teacher, his pupil, his community. . . .

"That the present procedures in curriculum and courses of study revisions include specific references to the contributions each race has made to world literature, fine arts, and music, so that our children may come in contact with the heritage of each group.

"That we encourage discussion among our pupils of the religious holidays of Jews and Christians to show how conducive to moral and ethical conduct such observance is, and to create a mutual understanding of, and a respect for the beliefs of all peoples.

"That we co-operate with religious organizations of all faiths and all lay organizations which have as their purpose the bringing about of mutual understanding and respect.

"That students be led to discover and discuss the outstanding contributions made by different groups towards the advancement and betterment of human society. . . .

"That we, as educators, assume the leadership of the schools and communities in combating prejudices and bigotry as decisive forces that militate against the democratic way of life for which millions are now laying down their lives. . . ."

## INTERGROUP EDUCATION

In a similar vein to the above circular is this statement, which was submitted to the Superintendent's Conference by the Committee on Democratic Education for the Seattle Public Schools and runs in part: "We propose . . . that there be a concerted effort to build broader understanding and a deeper appreciation of the contributions every individual and every group can make to a richer democratic life; that emphasis upon the contributions of all segments of our population be specifically included in the curricula at all grade levels and in all areas of study; that the academic and social life of the school provide equal opportunities for all its young citizens; that the school not only discourage but make a conscious effort to ban the use of names, terms, and jokes which tend to promote misunderstandings; . . . that the right to prepare in school for vocational competence and the right to earn in occupational life be based upon the individual's interest, abilities, aptitudes, and skills."

Detroit, also, has brought forth an intercultural policy which goes into certain important specifics:

"Children, youth, and adults are to be served without regard to race, creed, national origin, or economic status. . . .

"Both the teaching staff and the non-teaching staff are to be so distributed as to equalize educational opportunities in all schools.

"When transfers are permitted to schools out of the districts in which pupils reside, such transfers are to be issued without regard to race, creed, national origin, or economic status. . . .

"Race, creed, or national origin are not to be considered in the hiring or promotion of employees.

"In the selection of all employees, particularly teachers, an intellectual understanding of minority groups and a readi-

ness to work with all groups are considered essential.

"The training of teachers at Wayne University is to include in the required curriculums adequate training for the development of sound intercultural concepts and teaching techniques appropriate to this field.

"The training program for employees already in service is to include adequate provision continuously for promoting growth in understanding of all groups in the population and in ways of building intercultural understanding and good will among pupils."

In Los Angeles, Superintendent Vierling Kersey sent out a special bulletin on intercultural education to all principals, directors, and supervisors. The bulletin points out that there are some necessary conditions to any effective teaching of tolerance: "the development of a tolerant and understanding attitude upon the part of teachers and administrators"; "that the minority groups represented are to be considered, and always referred to as, Americans."

The bulletin then continues: "A relevant suggestion is that the word 'tolerance' be eliminated as a key word in actual school situations dealing with the treatment and appreciation of minority groups. As long as either majorities or minorities approach the problem with the present idea of 'tolerance,' difficulties will continue, since 'tolerance' implies an attitude of superiority and patronage on the part of the one who 'tolerates'."

The bulletin examines the subject in the light of general principles, procedures, in-service teacher training (e.g., "Teachers are encouraged to attend Institute meetings, workshops, and lectures dealing with tolerance"—sic), community activities, parent-teacher association ("Some Parent-Teacher Associations have commit-

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tees working with the principal in the study of ways and means to promote tolerance among their children").

Some magnanimous and influential person should see to it that every teacher gets a copy of—and is compelled to pass an examination on—the February, 1945, issue of *Better Teaching*, the publication of the Cincinnati Public Schools. It contains—in concise and readable form—poetry; pictures; editorials; teaching procedures in each field (language arts, social studies, science, mathematics, etc.); an analysis of fallacies based on prejudice; a selected list of books, films, and records for teachers and elementary and high school pupils; charts; diagrams; intercultural agencies.

Julius E. Warren, Massachusetts Commissioner of Education, has sent out a questionnaire on intercultural practices to the schools in his state. It might be a good idea to use a similar form with schools outside Massachusetts. The questionnaire is simple but quite direct. Here are some of the points raised:

"Has your school system taken active steps toward restudying the school's responsibility and opportunity for improving intercultural understandings? . . .

"What changes or additions have been made that have implications for improved intercultural understandings? . . .

"Are there schools and teachers in your school system that you would be willing to have visited as illustrating superior work in this field? . . .

"Are there interested and co-operating groups in your community? . . .

"In your opinion would your teachers welcome a course in Intercultural Education next year if one could be offered in your area? . . .

"Have there been any incidents in your community in recent times which indicate strained racial or religious tensions? . . ."

And so, intergroup education is moving across the country, hesitantly but inevitably. It is education for tomorrow's world, but even more than that, it is education for one world.

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*In this department, Leo Shapiro will report, from time to time, on current news in intergroup education. Mr. Shapiro is director of the Department of Intercultural Relations of the Anti-Defamation League of B'nai B'rith, and author of a previous article in COMMON GROUND, Spring 1945. Mr. Shapiro will be glad to receive any reports, materials, or data about programs or projects in the field of intergroup education. They may be sent to him in care of this magazine.*

## • The Common Council at Work •

With this issue *COMMON GROUND* celebrates its fifth birthday. Since it began publication in September 1940 it has had a steadily increasing number of readers. Paid circulation has grown to 8530. Today it is reaching individuals and organizations in some 1745 different communities in all 48 states, including 1757

libraries, colleges, and other educational institutions.

An editorial in the first issue of *COMMON GROUND* stated its purpose in the following words: "Through a diversity of literary forms, this magazine will aim to explore the racial-cultural situation in the United States and its problems, especially



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acute at this time. . . . Never has it been more important that we become intelligently aware of the ground Americans of various strains have in common; that we sink our tap roots deep in its rich and varied cultural past; that we re-awaken the old American Dream, the dream which, in its powerful emphasis on the fundamental worth and dignity of every human being, can be a bond of unity no totalitarian attack can break. Before us is an urgent and challenging task. We need—and seek—all the help we can get.”

Five years later, the task before us is no less challenging. The explosion of the first atomic bomb has underlined the awful urgency of the struggle in which the forces of intelligence, intergroup understanding, and world peace are engaged. The Council is eager that COMMON GROUND should count for as much as possible in this war against ignorance, prejudice, and selfish and aggressive nationalism, as well as in the cause of American unity.

As COMMON GROUND begins its second five years, it aspires to more frequent publication and a greater variety of subject matter. We still need—and seek—all the help we can get. More frequent publication and a greater variety of material both depend on increased financial support. But we need, too, the criticisms and suggestions of our readers and friends. Would you prefer to have COMMON GROUND published as a monthly or bi-monthly, but with fewer pages? Would you prefer the “digest” size to our present format? In what directions would you like to see a greater variety of material? Would you like to have COMMON GROUND discuss problems of intergroup relations and understanding in the international field in addition to those in the United States? A “birthday” letter giving your preferences on these or other points, telling how

COMMON GROUND has been useful to you, or suggesting how the Council can make it more useful, will be warmly welcomed.

Testifying for the Council, Read Lewis, executive director, discussed questions of postwar immigration policy at the invitation of the House Committee on Immigration and Naturalization at hearings held by it during the summer. The hearings in New York dealt specifically with Germany’s immigration quota, mandatory deportation, and naturalization. Hearings were also scheduled in Washington, Cleveland, Chicago, San Francisco, and Los Angeles. Mr. Lewis spoke on four different occasions. He opposed any permanent or long-term legislation altering the German quota, or discriminating against the German people, but urged that Congress amend existing law to bar immigration from any country of “persons who disbelieve in or are opposed to a democratic form of government.” He suggested, however, that legislation suspending immigration from an enemy country like Germany for a limited period after the cessation of hostilities would not be objectionable if suitable exceptions were made for uniting separated families, for the proved opponents of Nazism and its victims, and persons born in Germany who were of non-German nationality or who had left there before the war. With regard to deportation, he urged that the discretion now granted the Attorney General to suspend deportation in certain meritorious cases, be extended to all cases in which he finds that deportation “would result in unjustified hardship or be against the best interests of the United States,” that just as the President and the Governors of our 48 states have the power of pardon in criminal cases, the President or some other official of the government should have a similar power to prevent injustice and deal with unforeseeable cir-

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cumstances in deportation cases. Among other recommendations, Mr. Lewis urged that aliens brought to the United States as children should not, after long residence here, be subject to deportation, and that a ten-year statute of limitations should be established for aliens who, except for illegal entry, have proved themselves persons of good moral character. In order to facilitate American citizenship he urged that loyal elderly aliens who have lived here for many years—many of whom have sons in our armed forces—be exempted from existing educational requirements for naturalization. He proposed, too, that the United States extend the right of naturalization, regardless of race, to all otherwise qualified aliens living here permanently.

Some 900 foreign-language newspapers in the United States have received articles from the Council during the past three months on such subjects as "The United Nations Charter," "FEPC at Work," "Americans on Japan's Island Outposts," "The Cost of Rationing and Price Control," "Sending Mail and Remittances to Friends and Relatives in Europe," "New Immigration Regulations," "Questions and Answers about Naturalization," "Foreign Propaganda Activities in the United States," "The United States Army Fights Prejudice," "New Community Programs for Young People." The Council has also released a series of articles prepared by the Social Security Board, and a special article, "Insecurity Breeds Hatred," by Pearl Buck. This weekly press service was translated into 19 foreign languages.

Among the Interpreter Releases sent to more than 300 local agencies and government officials during the past quarter have been reports on "Resettlement of Japa-

nese Evacuees," "Congress and Fair Employment Practice," "American Consulates in Europe Authorized to Issue Visas," "Departure of Aliens from the United States," "Aliens Entering the United States—Revised Regulations," "Important Changes in Visa Procedure," and a series of Legislative Bulletins.

The end of hostilities in Europe has brought the Council a greatly increased volume of work in handling requests for information and assistance regarding immigration. The desire to have relatives come to the United States, uncertainty regarding the future of countries like the Baltic states, anxiety on the part of aliens admitted here only for temporary residence, account for many requests. A peculiar kink in our nationality laws is illustrated in the cases of some of our soldiers and sailors who want help in filling out immigration forms for their alien wives and children. Not a few of the men in our armed forces have married overseas. Ordinarily children born to them abroad would be American citizens, even though the men had married alien wives. But our nationality laws provide that where one parent is an alien, American citizenship shall descend to a child born outside the United States only if the citizen parent has had 10 years' residence in the United States, and if at least five of these years were after attaining the age of 16. That means that no American boy not yet 21, even though he has lived all his life in the United States, can pass on his American citizenship to his child, if born abroad to an alien mother. No small number of American soldiers and sailors are in just that situation. Their children are aliens, and unless Congress changes that law, they can become American citizens only if they or their mothers are naturalized.

## • The Press •

### THE CHOICE BEFORE US

MARGARET MEAD

(This is the last of a series of articles sent out to the foreign-language press by the Common Council under the general heading "Learning to Live in One World," written by the distinguished anthropologist, Dr. Margaret Mead, Associate Curator of Anthropology at the American Museum of Natural History. The articles have discussed problems of race and nationality and the new habits and attitudes people need to live peacefully together in our modern world, and have been widely reprinted in the foreign-language press.)

PEOPLES all over the world are hoping that a world order of peace and prosperity is to be established within which wars need never occur again. The success of these hopes depends on more than international conferences, or avoiding clashes between nationalities at points which often seem very far away—events about which most of us feel there is nothing we can do. It is essential to recognize that if we are to have one world, every one of us not only can but must do something about it, in our own schools, on our streets, in our churches and synagogues, in our own factories and stores, restaurants and theatres and railroad stations.

People of different races and nationalities must learn to work together at thousands of places besides San Francisco and Bretton Woods. There are numerous small "incidents" in the drug stores of Main Street as well as in the public squares of disputed cities, which must be dealt with. There may seem to be a wide difference between a fellow human being insulted by a muttered term of derogation

in a small town in Kansas or Pennsylvania or Massachusetts, and the people of a neighboring country offended by our attitude of racial or religious discrimination. But a Good Neighbor Policy which at home tolerates Jim Crowism and restaurant signs saying: "No Mexicans Here"—and thus discriminates against two of the three races which make up the proud tradition of Latin American countries—rests on shifting sands. The defeat of Hitler will be meaningless as long as lines which he and his agents wrote to be said by Americans against the Jewish and other non-Germanic people fall irresponsibly and unthinkingly from American lips.

We have come to a place in history where we must choose to go forward or we will inevitably go back. Just men may commit great injustices innocently, if no one has pointed the injustices out to them. Many of the framers of the Constitution who wrote its resounding pleas for human equality did not question a property tax as a prerequisite for voting, contemplate abolishing slavery, or consider it thinkable that anyone but a Protestant might hold the highest office in the land. Yet we can call them just men because the conscience of the times was not yet sufficiently sensitive to prick them into a recognition of the contradictions and injustices which they approved. This is not so with us. For us, for everyone in the world today, the issue has been raised, our consciences are awake and clamoring for the abolition of all discrimination by creed or color or place of birth. If we do not listen, we pay the penalty that men always pay who turn their backs on what they believe to be

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right. We cannot stand still, complacently behaving like our ancestors whose times made no such demands upon them. They were innocent when they did what we now feel to be wrong. But by 20th century standards, standards nurtured by the demands for social justice of the Hebrew prophets, by the vision of Christian brotherhood under God, by the emerging faith and belief in the common man which has grown in every country which has sent its peoples to our shores—we are failing, if we stand still.

Americans do not like to fail and if we find ourselves failing what are we likely to do? We run the risk of closing our eyes and our hearts, of denying the urgent prompting of our conscience, of openly espousing some lower standard, of slipping back not into the innocence of our ancestors but into a new kind of barbarism.

There are two reasons why the whole question of racial and religious and national origin discrimination must be settled now, in these next few years. One is that the peace of the world depends upon it. The other is that the very standards of our own society depend upon it. We have to set to work to make those standards true, or face the danger that a future generation will say: "Well, if believing in the Constitution means that I have to work next to anyone who is equipped to take the job, then I'm against the Constitution." Nazi Germany took that course. Their leaders said: "Let's take all the hate and discrimination and fear in the world and say it is right and good. People will come flocking to us, glad to be rid of the struggle between the teachings of Judeo-Christian democracy and their own fail-

ure to live up to its demands." It is a terribly insidious invitation, the invitation to indulge in licensed hate. Everyone born and bred in the United States has some prejudices for and against certain groups. This we cannot help, but it makes us vulnerable to the same methods as those used in Germany.

We cannot afford to wait or pause. To hesitate is to lose the battle. At once, in every walk of life, in our clubs and schools and shops, now, before the veterans return—men who have come from every type of home and bear scars on every shade of skin—we must act. We must put ourselves firmly behind the effort to give each man, and each woman, and each child, a chance to be human beings of full stature, full citizens of America, full participants in one world. This means concretely that where legislation is necessary and helpful, like the Fair Employment Practice Committee, which frees employers from local pressures so that they can employ without prejudice, or laws which punish those who slip scurrilous little folders under doors—such laws must be supported and passed. It means inspecting charters of clubs, discriminatory covenants in deeds transferring real estate, charters of labor unions, scanning with a vigilant eye the whole local framework of our lives, in which each one of us is not a far spectator of some world conference taking place half a world away, but an active participant. History—which brought people from every corner of the earth to help build this country—has given us our choice. We cannot evade it. If we do not go forward to one world, we inevitably face a new barbarism and the horrors of a third world war.

## • Miscellany •

CLOSING DATES for eight of the relocation centers have been announced by the Department of the Interior:

October 15—Granada, Amache, Colorado.

November 1—Central Utah, Topaz, Utah; and Minidoka, Hunt, Idaho.

November 15—Heart Mountain, Wyoming; and Gila River, Rivers, Arizona.

December 1—Colorado River, Poston, Arizona; and Manzanar, California.

December 15—Rohwer, Arkansas.

Plans for the disposition of the Tule Lake Segregation Center at Newell, California, will be announced later.

THE WARNER BROTHERS' SHORT, "The Springfield Plan," is a disappointment. Instead of addressing itself vigorously and courageously to actual contemporary problems, it portrays as its victim of mob discrimination a Scandinavian. In 1945 it is difficult to visualize quite this scene in the United States—a hoodlum mob in an "anti-foreigner" outbreak, writing "foreigner" on the walls and stoning a cigar and candy store owned by a Scandinavian. Anti-Semitism and anti-Negro feeling are discreetly passed over. The faces of colored children get no close-ups, though it is apparently safe for American prejudices now to feature a Chinese child. Left in the cutting room were the shots of Negro teachers integrated into the regular teaching program by the Springfield system. The picture is tailored to 1945 prejudice, not against it. The Springfield schools and Plan deserved better portrayal.

THE COMMISSION ON COMMUNITY Interrelations, organized recently by the American Jewish Congress, is engaged in a series of "action research projects" to

determine the causes of intergroup tension and conflict in differing localities in the country and to carry out experiments to overcome such tension. If invited into a community by its responsible leadership, the ccr, if it deems the situation in the locality urgent enough, will undertake a project there, working closely with the local agencies and interested individuals. "The key to the Commission's program is the task force," said Charles E. Hendry, the organization's co-ordinator of research. "A task force composed of skilled fact-finders and social action people is assigned to each project. Such a group may number as many as twenty persons, including group workers, social psychologists, cultural anthropologists, experts in opinion polling, and others. Their job is to cut through opinions and suppositions to find the facts underlying group conflict, then put the facts into action, helping groups resolve their differences."

MISCELLANEOUS MATERIAL of interest to CG readers:

The first two numbers of *The Journal of Social Issues* were devoted to a practical analysis of "Racial and Religious Prejudice in Everyday Living." The first issue concentrated on the causes of group antagonism, and the second on prejudice and the individual personality. Both were under the editorship of Dr. Gene Weltfish, co-author of "Races of Mankind." The Journal represents an experiment of research scientists and social practitioners in bringing their research data and experience together on a variety of mutual problems for the non-technical reader. These two issues make excellent discussion material for groups concerned with intercultural matters. Yearly subscription to the Journal is \$2; single copies are 50c; and 25 to 100

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copies are available at a discount of 20 per cent. Address: Association Press, 347 Madison Avenue, New York 17.

"From Camp to College" is the story of the almost 3,000 Japanese American students who have entered college from the relocation centers (National Japanese American Student Relocation Council, 1201 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia 7). Through the pamphlet the Council is appealing for scholarship funds to help the young people further.

"The White Christian and His Conscience," by Lillian Smith, is available from South Today, Clayton, Georgia, at 10c. The article has appeared in several of the religious journals of the country and

was given by Miss Smith as a speech before audiences in Detroit, Columbus, New York, and other cities.

"Race Riots Aren't Necessary," by Alfred McClung Lee, is among the latest of the pamphlets published by the Public Affairs Committee. Issued in co-operation with the American Council on Race Relations, it outlines a ten-point program of action on what to do if race riots threaten. It tells how to spot danger signals preceding rioting and recommends specific emergency action the community should take. Plans for long-term programs to foster better intergroup relations are also outlined. 10c. 30 Rockefeller Plaza, New York 20.

## • The Bookshelf •

CONDUCTED BY HENRY C. TRACY

### MAKING DEMOCRACY WORK

**FREEDOM IS MORE THAN A WORD.** By Marshall Field. Chicago: University of Chicago Press. 190 pp. \$2.50

Americans of today, interested in actions rather than in theories, and in demonstrations rather than professions of policy, read eagerly about the concrete experience of a man who is putting his idea of democracy to a test. They have heard something about the head of a nationally known firm with a long record of honest dealing and liberal practice who now turns his very considerable fortune into channels that further the cause of liberty. They are glad to know more about him—what he does and why he does it. This book tells them. First, as to his approach: Mr. Field wishes to function as "a participating member of a democratic society." The real enemy of such a society

is "a state of mind that denies freedom." One form of such denial is control of the press by private interests with resulting bias if not in the release of news then in the slant of feature articles and editorials. Every reader knows some such metropolitan paper, reads whole columns designed to hamper liberal progress or stir up hate and distrust of some other nation, and can do nothing about it. Marshall Field can, and does. For most readers of his book, the story of PM, "fighting newspaper," and of the Chicago Sun, successfully launched in spite of violent opposition by powerful vested interests, will be the major appeal. But Section II, on Freedom of Expression, embodies the thinking that led to this great publishing venture, while the bedrock on which the foundation of this whole enterprise is laid will be found in the opening section on A



Society of Free Men—sane, wise, and admirably stated.

For Chauncey Norris, son of a Scotch-Irish immigrant, and his wife Mary, who had been Mary Magdalen Mook of the Pennsylvania Dutch, the Erie shore of Ohio was a new land: the timber and swamp which he cleared and made arable, a replica of the pioneer story. Their son George helped and absorbed all of it into his blood and marrow. Hence Norris: *Fighting Liberal* (Macmillan \$3.50) is one of the most American stories yet in print. That the autobiography of George W. Norris, telling of his forty years in Congress and as Senator (1903-1943), with his fight against Cannonism and for every liberal public measure, would be important and inspiring goes without saying. But that all this stems from his boyhood experience of hardship, struggle, family devotion, and neighborhood influence in a prevailingly Dutch community stirs a deep pride in our pioneer origins. Of this debt the statesman wrote feelingly: "This was the frontier home . . . where I as a boy lived in the wonder of nature, in the hope of usefulness and knowledge and in the tender companionship of a family."

Jerome Frank (Judge of the U.S. Court of Appeals) expands at book length—*Fate and Freedom* (Simon and Schuster. \$3)—on a point touched on briefly by Marshall Field. Mr. Field said: "In education today, as elsewhere, we are threatened by plausible doctrines of despair and futility, subtle and dangerous." Judge Frank attacks the citadel of "determinism" from which such doctrines emanate; brings a keen legal mind to his task, an incredible range of reading, and an insight into faith and reason that exposes a system based on mechanistic interpretations of man and his world.

Max Lerner's *Public Journal* (Viking. \$3) gives us the means for judging one

feature of Marshall Field's venture, PM. The short pieces here collected all appeared there as editorials first and now delight us again with their pungent humor, long-range knowledge of history, and their acid-tipped darts aimed at political targets. Here, too, is much comment on war-time America—serious but never dull.

In *The Governing of Men* (Princeton University Press. \$3.75), Alexander Leighton has told the story of the Poston, Arizona, Japanese American relocation center in the first year and a half of its existence. A highly trained and experienced psychiatrist and anthropologist, Commander Leighton analyzes the stresses and strains of center living and shows how those of the administrative staff who brought stereotyped thinking about the Japanese and Japanese Americans to their jobs aggravated internal conflict among the evacuees in contrast to the "people minded" on the staff who thought of the evacuees first as human beings. The mounting tensions in Poston which led to a highly publicized community-wide strike are laboratory material for Commander Leighton. He is less concerned with the story than with deducing principles from the experience applicable to the governing of minority peoples anywhere. The thesis he develops is that administration can not exist in a vacuum; if it is to be successful, it must have a real understanding of the people governed.

Ansel Adam's little book, *Born Free and Equal* (U.S. Camera. \$1), through photographs and text makes us acquainted with Japanese American evacuees at the Manzanar, California, relocation center. This is a descriptive, rather than an analytical volume; the portraits are fine and interpretive and the text brief and unassuming.

In *Democracy Under Pressure* (Twentieth Century Fund. \$1), Stuart Chase shows that pressure groups, which could

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help make democracy work, no longer do so, since they are not balanced against each other. Mr. Chase follows up this discussion with *Men at Work* (Harcourt, Brace. \$2), in which he gives many encouraging instances where workers, farmers, citizens have by their own efforts, guided by federal, state, and other agencies, worked out solutions for their problems, without benefit of pressure groups, in a democratic way.

Other examples of group-functioning are given in George B. de Huszar's *Practical Applications of Democracy* (Harper. \$2), which outlines plans for community activity by means of "problem center groups" in which members take part in ways that engage their honest interest.

The larger aspects of planning are treated in Lewis L. Lorwin's *Time for Planning* (Harper. \$3). Dr. Lorwin, economic expert, takes up the subject on a national and international scale. The book is a challenge to imagination and constructive ability.

Equally stimulating is Kenneth Ewart Boulding's *Economics of Peace* (Prentice-Hall. \$3.75). No dry treatise, its chapters invigorate the mind by a clear handling of cloudy questions. English-born, Oxford-bred, the author is now associate professor of economics at Iowa State. His adjustable tax plan (Chapter 9) seems a notable contribution to the problem of recurrent depressions.

*Build Together Americans*, by Rachel

Davis DuBois (Hinds, Hayden, Eldredge. \$2), brings us back into the field of personal relations, where, after all, a working democracy is tested. Dr. DuBois, who wrote earlier on getting together, knows that no lasting relation results unless those who meet learn also to build together. This volume reports intercultural education projects conducted in one hundred schools over a period of twenty years under the guidance of the author. Here, too, is a chapter on intercultural education on a community basis, the title of which was by some error omitted from the table of contents (p. 157 ff). Appendices IX and X list 32 pages of books under Intercultural Relations and allied sub-headings: an impressive list covering every aspect of the science and social psychology involved and life-lore and literature as well.

Spencer Brown's *They See for Themselves* (Harper. \$2) reports a specific experiment in line with the foregoing in which eleven high schools (including his own) in New York and vicinity took part. Students who had done well in social studies met in a project sponsored by the Bureau for Intercultural Education. They chose a subject, collected information—not from books but from personal interviews—discussed reports as in a seminar, and on the basis of their findings on intergroup tensions wrote a play. Not only had persons of diverse culture learned to "build together" in the process, but enduring interfaith friendships had been formed.

## BECOMING AMERICAN

No migrant from a far land has caught the tempo of the true—the intercultural—American more quickly than Leon Surmelian. Few have the gift to tell their story as he has told it in *I Ask You, La-*

*dies and Gentlemen* (Dutton. \$2.75). It is Mr. Surmelian's personal experience, yet somehow lifted into the plane of a universal experience of and for the race of human beings—so colorful, so capable

of kindness, so prone to cruelty, bedevilled as some are by strange beliefs and fixations. Young Leon, homeless waif and survivor of a cultured Armenian family from the port of Trebizond, met all kinds—Turk, Greek, Russian, Georgian, and the polyglot crowd one finds along the shores of the Black Sea. From each he learned—often at the risk of his life—to elicit the kind of treatment that would carry him farther on his tortured way. Written without hate, salted with wisdom, and seasoned by radiant memories of all that was good to remember, the story stands out among all its kind as full of an ardent spirit drawing from hardship and danger only a keener will to live and a finer appreciation of what life is. Brief though they are, the scenes here recorded of home life before the Turkish madness are filled with a poignant feeling better than nostalgia, for they convey, not yearning for what is lost, but rather a re-creating of the charm of that life—eternalizing it, so that what was still is. The enchantment that wakes in these early pages pervades, in some measure, the whole book. Strong memory and a happy, wholesome upbringing seem the gods that guide this young and shipwrecked Odysseus from his ravaged home near Colchis to this America that gleamed like a distant star.

The Kiowa Indians, who tell their own story to Alice Marriott in *The Ten Grandmothers* (University of Oklahoma Press. \$3), did not migrate to a new land to become Americans. Yet the process was as hard for them as for any, if not harder, for they had lived here time out of mind without change and wanting none, in a way of life older than Homer. They tell of this old way in the earlier chapters in the book, for some can still remember. Then they tell of the time of change, and how they faced it—with pang and heartache, but acquiescent and with high cour-

age, each parent sending a child away to school to become a new person—name, costume, habits, tribal outlook, all changed. This was what becoming an American meant to them. They have not faltered. Told in rich native idiom and colorful metaphors, with the scenes woven together with rare artistry by Miss Marriott, this is a fascinating tale.

Laura Thompson and Alice Joseph, writing of *The Hopi Way* (University of Chicago Press. \$3), find much in the seven-century-old tradition of that tribe which need not be changed because it is an inner way of life designed to harmonize man with nature in a desert world where survival is difficult. As John Collier says in his foreword, they do this "by building this difficult nature-world into the center of their psychic and social life." That the process builds character, charm, and peaceful living is attested both by text and portrait studies.

In writing *Names on the Land* (Random House. \$3), George R. Stewart has done us all a service. His aim was not to add a name-place dictionary to those already in existence, but to collect the lore on names of national or special interest and present this in a readable manner with emphasis on the manner of origin. He has succeeded so well that names of states, rivers, mountains, cities—names long used heedlessly—take on a fresh interest and even a new meaning. Why so many old-country names in this new land? Because names, like people, are immigrants.

Growing up in its shadow, brooding on its strength and symmetry, D. B. Steinman drew inspiration for his life work from the Brooklyn Bridge. To repay that debt, he wrote *The Builders of the Bridge* (Harcourt, Brace. \$3.50) after years of devoted research. John Roebling, one of the "builders," came from the heart of Germany, where his gifts and talents as a young engineer were being stifled by

bureaucratic bands. As a student, he had heard the aged philosopher Hegel say of America: "It is a land of hope for all who are wearied of the historic armory of Europe." Foiled in his aspirations, Roebling came to America and worked valiantly, leaving monumental proofs of his designing and innovations in technique, but died before the greatest of them—the Brooklyn Bridge—was complete. His son ably finished the Bridge. Rich in human interest and hitherto undiscovered detail, this narrative marks a high point in the annals of those who brought to America with them the best of Europe's discipline,

culture, and spirit of aspiration, and dedicated them to a *becoming* land where hope is not crushed and one who has ardor and spirit need not fail.

An hour-long radio program by Norman Corwin for V-E Day, adapted by him from radio script to book form, *On a Note of Triumph* (Simon and Schuster. \$1.50), yields what the publishers rightly call "a magnificent, turbulent, and beautiful piece of writing." The voices here are those of the fighting man, the civilian, the Jewish rabbi—every American—telling us what we have won, must yet win, if this triumph is to mean the end of war.

## THE QUEST OF FREEDOM

The saga of Negro migration within the United States is told by Arna Bontemps and Jack Conroy in *They Seek a City* (Doubleday, Doran. \$2.75). From districts where fair regard for human rights was denied them, they moved northward. They came as persons—no matter how many in a single year—as individuals, and it is one of the merits of this factual history that the authors never let us lose sight of this fact. Colorful personalities enhance the story of a long quest for tolerance and economic opportunity. Some of it shames the North—as when bombings occur in Chicago to stem "invasion" of a white district. Some of it brings credit, as when Russell and Rowena Jellicoe found their Karamu House project to give creative release to the poor, the lonely, and the young of this great migration in a Cleveland slum. An engrossing and revealing book.

The desire of many Jews for a country they may call their own is but one phase of the larger subject treated in *Jews in*

*the Post-War World*, by Max Gottshalk and Abraham Duker (Dryden Press. \$3). That there must be migration to new countries from the European areas where the fabric of Jewish lives has been shattered past mending is clear. In this wholly objective report there is no plea for any one of many possible solutions—rather for the elimination of anti-Semitism everywhere, on the ground that until rid of it we can have no enduring democracy anywhere. As for Palestine, we have nowhere seen a clearer account of this scene of clashing nationalisms, factions, and feudalisms than is found here. An impartial, illuminating book.

The *Jewish Frontier Anthology* (Jewish Frontier Association. \$2) prints a selection of extremely able articles by proponents of Zionism, which have appeared in the *Jewish Frontier* magazine from 1934 to 1944. That the problems of Palestine cannot be divorced from those of the rest of the world is admitted. That the gains already made in co-operative

industry and diversified labor throw light on social and economic problems elsewhere is equally clear. The scope of the articles is large and the writing of the best.

After far journeyings through Asiatic, African, and island colonies, W. E. Burghardt DuBois in *Color and Democracy* (Harcourt, Brace. \$2) pleads the cause of unfree peoples and disenfranchised colonies before a Western European and North American civilization that has in the past held them back from economic

progress and self-government. The danger is that this policy will be continued, since the interest of investors weigh heavily in the counsels of nations that draw a large part of their income from these lands. Dr. DuBois warns that exclusion of colonial people from participation in democratic government and socialized wealth "is a direct threat to the spread of democracy and a certain promise of future wars." A fearless statement and searching analysis of facts seen at first-hand.

## ACCENT ON YOUTH IN TODAY'S FICTION

Even novels for the young reflect today's conflicts. Adult readers will envy the simplicity and directness of approach in such stories as Irmengarde Eberle's *The Very Good Neighbors* (Lippincott. \$2), in which a Mexican family, just over from the border seeking work, meet indifference and some hostility but overcome both by traits they disclose when opportunity offers. Artlessly, movingly written, the tale erases prejudice—wins us over to the side of simple, resourceful people.

In Joseph Gollomb's *Up at City High* (Harcourt, Brace. \$2), problems mesh and tangle as the age-level rises. A New York City high school with an enrollment in the thousands of American youngsters of many backgrounds—"Nordic," Negro, Jewish, Italian, and others—becomes the arena for a conflict fanned by a white-supremacy, anti-Semitic faction aiming to get control of the school. Peace-loving students and teachers are embroiled in the fight. Tense, dramatic, often deeply stirring, this is a fighting book—and with reason, for the issue these boys contend for will determine the post-war organization of the world. In their

young minds it will be decided whether we breed hate between white and black, "Nordic" and Semite, pseudo-American and "foreigner," or sit down to a rainbow table in which all faiths and colors blend to bring peace to the world.

Daisty Neumann's *Now That April's Here* (Lippincott. \$2.50) is about children, not for them. Boy and girl, evacuees from England, back in their Oxford home after five years in a foster-family near Boston, bring ways and ideas that are a jolt to their elders. A gentle satire on the frozen parent-child relation common in Britain, this book is also, by reflection, a picture of a give-and-take relation in a New England home of family co-operation in a servantless house that is so very American we take it for granted.

*Roofs Over Strawtown*, an historical novel by Sara Elizabeth Grosselink (Eerdmans. \$3), is a story of the settlement of Pella, Iowa, by God-fearing families from Holland and of the events that led to their expulsion from that land. Like the English Pilgrims who had come two centuries earlier for similar reasons, these dissenters from a state religion came in

sailing ships, saw sickness, death, hardship, heavy labor; showed a like endurance and passionate devotion to their faith. A true pioneer story told with great charm, this prize novel results from a contest launched by Calvin College in Michigan. As it may have a special appeal to some in non-bookish centers, we give the publisher's address: William B. Eerdmans Publishing Company, 234 Pearl Street, N.W., Grand Rapids, Michigan.

The first part of Letitia Preston Osborne's unique novel, *They Change Their Skies* (Lippincott. \$2.50), might be taken

as a study of characters of five nationalities—Spanish, North American, Jewish refugee from Germany, British, and Mexican—thrown together in a boarding-house in Honduras. It is such a study, yet done so deftly, so entertainingly, that no reader would complain if there were nothing more. But all this leads up to a romance so startling that only when it ignites with explosive effect do we realize how cleverly the train was laid. Five wistful persons yearn to become Americans. Only one gets past this Honduran doorstep—blown in by a kiss.

## MANY NATIONALITIES, CREEDS—ONE FIGHTING FAITH

Their breathless factual narrative of carrier-plane action in the Battle of the Philippines, Lieutenant Commander Joseph Bryan and Philip Reed call *Mission Beyond Darkness* (Duell, Sloan and Pearce. \$2). We see the Hellicats and the Avengers take off from the *Lexington* for the flight that may be their last, and we hear the names of the crews—nothing said of national origins, and nothing thought—but the names tell it: Kosciusko leads off; next comes Seyfferle and presently Alex Vraciu, the Navy's ranking ace; then Jim Arquette. After him Tom Bronn, with Mike Banazak as his gunner. Cushman, Swanson, Linn, Sterrie, Dupree, and a score of others go into this hazardous flight with a spirit that makes their Admiral (Mitscher) proud to be an American. The text is swift drama.

Ninety-three young men and women in the armed forces wrote the letters printed in *Jewish Youth at War*, edited by Isaac Rontch (Marstin Press. \$3)—wrote them from every part of the war theatres, in every vein, every mood, all very human, very American—no heroics,

rather the smile and the joke for a passing adventure, and a hint now and then of the deep underlying faith that carries them through. Practically all are the children of Jewish immigrants who became Americans by choice. That they have been taught what America means becomes unmistakably clear.

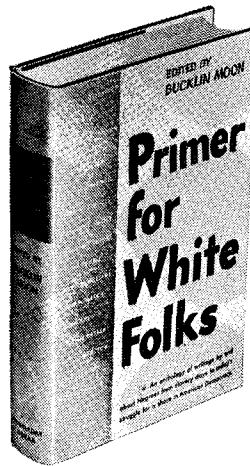
Lieutenant Commander Seymour J. Schoenfeld has written an arresting little book on *The Negro in the Armed Forces* (Associated Publishers. \$1.10). Scholarly, objective, practical, it is amazing how much has been brought into sharp focus in the 84 pages of this study. It gives a factual record of the American Negro's performance in four wars (1861 to date), proves the falsity of stereotyped prejudices, and indicates improvements in the Negro's status possible under present conditions, in a manner that leads Col. Evans Carlson of the U.S. Marine Corps to say that "this book should be required reading for all officers of the armed services and for all high school and college students." Secretary Wallace also commends it to all of us.



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